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SONG: THE ANGEL OF SPRING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O softly lift thy golden wand,
And wave abroad thy rainbow-wing,
Or touch the sod with rosy feet,
Thou gentle Angel of the Spring!
Sweet Resurrection-symbol, glow
On sleeping shrub and seed below!
How long, how long we've pined for thee—
O beautiful mystery!

II.

Joy! Joy! at last we see thine eye,
So softly, deeply, brightly blue;
Thy rosy feet at dreamy dance
Amid the morning's sparkling dew;
No more thy waking music mute—
Hark! how divine thy crystal lute
Touched on the stream so joyously—
O beautiful mystery!

III.

Come, darling! from the weary hearth,
And let the Winter-fire fade:
Spring, Spring is here! Our home shall be
With birds in yonder blushing glade:
They are the poets never sad—
Sweet bacchanals amid the glad,
Full cups of sunshine held by thee—
O beautiful mystery!

IV.

Sing, sing aloud, ye minstrels rare
Amid your orchestra of leaves!
Glow, glow ye mornings, o'er our home!
And softly flush, ye answering eves!
Bright benedictions on thy wing
And lute, thou Angel of the Spring!
O how the tomb is lit by thee—
Thou beautiful mystery!

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

A MYSTERIOUS CALAMITY.

Elroy Clifton remained at Cheswold an hour, or more; but he could not stop longer, as he wished to reach his vessel before dark. Words on the part of the baronet were feeble to express the gratitude he felt; and for awhile, after he had heard the story of the brave deed, he was at a loss what to do or say. In fact, the event weighed upon his mind rather painfully, for he felt so much the debtor that he feared the obligation could never be cancelled. By and by, however, the youth succeeded in placing him more at his ease.

"Rather say it is I who am the debtor," Elroy urged, with earnest sincerity. "If I have done a good deed, mine, also, is the reward. Not for all the wealth of the world, sir, would I relinquish the memory of the good I have done in life; and as this has been my greatest success, so is its reward the sweetest and dearest I ever possessed. Should I never see you again, I shall always remember you as among those to whom I am indebted for the brightest sun-spots of my poor life."

"Noble, generous boy," cried Sir Edward, seizing the youth's hand as he spoke, "this is the noblest act of all! But we shall meet again. —Aye, we shall meet again. And, in the time to come, I hope I may be able to show to you how warm a friend Edward Stanton can prove himself. But I cannot say all now. I am not quite myself yet." And after he had thus spoken, he leaned back again in his seat, and gazed into Clifton's face for several seconds—gazed with a look so intense and earnest that he seemed forgetful of all else. He was recalled from the reverie by the youth's rising from his chair.

"I must go," Elroy said, glancing from the baronet to the fair ward. He approached the latter, who had also arisen, and took her hand. "In this word of farewell, dear lady, I offer you my holiest prayers. God bless and keep you!"

Pale and trembling, Lorinda sank back into her seat, and covered her face. She spoke not a word—she did not even look up. The young man gazed upon her one moment more, and then hurried from the apartment. His horse was at the door, and he had mounted when Sir Edward came out.

"Farewell, sir," he said, waving his hand to the baronet.

"One word. Hold a moment," cried the host, advancing to the horseman's side. "You will be this way again ere long?"

"Perhaps so. I cannot tell."

"You must come. I would see you. I have reasons for the request. Is your vessel bound away soon?"

"Yes, sir,—I expect so."

"Whither?"

"To the French coast."

"Then you will not be gone long?"

"Two or three weeks."

"And then you may come this way again. By that time old Silverthorne will be here, and I can meet you at his cot. You will come?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

Then the word of farewell was spoken again, and Elroy Clifton rode away. Once he turned to look back, and he saw the baronet looking after him.

"That man acts strangely," he muttered to himself, as he rode on. "His eye is of a wondrous lustre, and his words are curiously spoken. Can it be that his mind is wavering? He has known sorrows; and he may have brooded over them until they have gained the mastery. And yet, I hope it is not so. By my soul, I love him."

Aye—and in a few moments more the youth was thinking of another whom he almost loved. A younger and fairer face than Sir Edward's was present with him; and it kept his spirit company for most of the time till he reached his vessel.

When the baronet returned to the drawing-room, where he had left Lorinda and Margaret Rowland, he found Jack Spencer there. The meeting between the old boatman and the maiden had been a most joyous one; and as Sir Edward entered, Jack started forward and caught his hand.

"Now, my master, tell me that I am pardoned. Let me feel that you don't lay up nothin' ag'in me."

"It's all past and forgiven, Jack," replied the baronet, warmly; "so join me in my joy, and be careful in the future."

All this the old man did and promised, and then withdrew. Shortly afterwards Margaret took her leave, not only bearing a rich token of Sir Edward's gratitude, but also assured that, from that time forth, she could have a home at Cheswold, or Farworth, whenever she wanted it.

Towards evening Owen Murdock and his son arrived from a trip into the country; and, as they had heard the news from the groom, they were prepared to greet the saved girl with every sign of joy and thankfulness. Gerald was especially profuse in his professions, and confessed that the whole earth had seemed dark and drear in view of Lorinda's supposed loss. But he was happy once more; and henceforth he felt that he must have an eye to her safety himself. She heard him, and tried to treat him with becoming respect; but her heart was not in the work. She contrasted him with another whom she knew, and the result was, to him, most unfavorable.

Late in the evening Sir Edward found himself alone with his ward. He had appeared very low in spirits since supper, and had spoken but little. His brow was overcast, and there was a nervous twitching about the mouth which betrayed a spirit ill at ease.

"Lorinda," he said, taking a seat by her side, "I am going on a journey. How long I shall be gone I cannot tell."

"On a journey?" repeated the maiden, gazing into her guardian's face with an anxious look. "Why again? You have but just returned to Cheswold from a journey too long for our comfort. Why go again?"

"I must go. The business on which I then went is not half done. I must finish it if I live. But I shall leave you in the care of those who will protect you; and you can divide your time between Cheswold and Farworth as you please."

Lorinda regarded him for a moment in silence, and then she threw her arms about his neck.

"My dear, kind guardian," she cried, while the tears started to her eyes, "something makes you unhappy. Is it not so?"

"I have been unhappy for a long time, darling." And he would have put her arms from his neck, but she clung to him.

"Not like this—not like this," she said. "O, what is it? Tell me, and I may give you release."

"It is nothing new, sweet one."

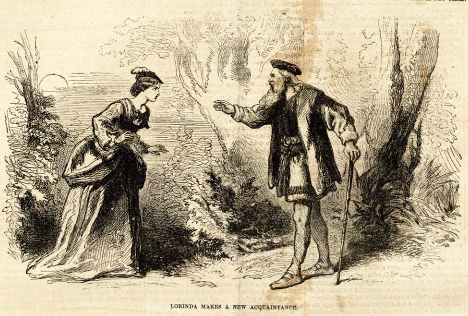
"Don't deceive me, Sir Edward. O, trust me, and I will not forsake you. I know—I see. It is the sundering of that new tie! We will not be separated. My heart shall be yours if you will take it. I will be your wife; and I will love you while life lasts!"

The baronet disengaged himself from her embrace, and then gazed into her tear-wet face.

"Dear child,"—he spoke calmly and solemnly—"you are mistaken. Heaven bless you for your noble will and purpose; but the sacrifice is not needed. As God liveth, I have no desire that way. If I have a thought touching the rending of the tie to which you allude, it is of thankfulness, and not of regret. No, not for worlds would I recall the decision by which I set you free. So think no more of that. As to the business which calls me away, I feel that it is imperative, or I should not go. But, as I said before, you will make yourself as comfortable as possible. You are mistress of your own home, and can go and come as you please."

Lorinda was not satisfied; and yet she knew not what to say. She had never seen her guardian so low in spirit, and so sad, before; and as he now gazed upon her, with his mild eye so full of melancholy, she felt her own eyes fill with tears anew.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



LORINDA MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"O, Sir Edward," she murmured, laying her hand gently upon his arm, "if you would tell me all, you would at least have one more heart to help you bear your burden."

"Alas, my child, you know not what you ask! But—go to bed now, and dream happy dreams. You cannot help me."

"Not yet, dear guardian. You have something more to say. You have not yet told me when you are going."

"I cannot tell exactly when I shall go. It may be to-morrow. But leave me now, for I have writing to do."

He kissed her, and blessed her; and then she went away to her chamber, where she sat down by an open casement. She was very uneasy, for a strange fear had come over her. Could it be that her guardian's sorrows had begun to weaken him? Was it possible that his reason was being sapped by the undermining force of the calamity over which he brooded? She asked herself these questions, and a cold, painful shudder crept over her as she imagined what the answer might be. It was late when she sought her pillow; and even then she could not sleep. There was too much upon her mind. At length —it must have been past midnight—she heard a low step in the corridor, and presently her door was opened. She looked up, and by the pale moonlight she recognized Sir Edward, with his hands folded, gazing earnestly upon her.

"Dream sweetly, blessed one; and good angels guard and bless thee!" So he spoke, in a whispered, prayerful tone.

"Dear guardian!"

"Ah—art thou awake? I meant not to disturb thee, sweet one. It was a mere passing whim of mine. Pardon me. Now go to sleep. Good night."

"But—Sir Edward——"

"Not now."

He was gone; and Lorinda's first impulse was to arise and follow him; but she hesitated until it was too late, and then she lay back upon her pillow, and prayed to God for the suffering man. She could do no more.

In the morning Lorinda Verbrook was aroused from an uneasy, dreamy slumber by the sound of voices near her chamber, the tones of which startled her with the impression that something had gone wrong. As quickly as possible she arose and dressed herself; and when she came into the hall she met Owen Murdock and Luke Bissell. The latter was the head groom of Cheswold, having served in those same stables for over twenty years.

"Ah, here is my Lady Lorinda," said Owen, as our heroine approached. "She may give us some information. How is it—do you know anything of Sir Edward?"

"Of Sir Edward!" repeated the maiden, in quick alarm. "What of him? What has happened?"

"He has gone away, and no one knows where."

"But when—when did he go?"

"We do not know, lady. We only know that he is gone. Did you not see him last night?"

"Yes; and he told me then that he was going upon a journey; but he did not say so soon. O, there must be something wrong! How is it, Luke—did you give him his horse?"

"No," replied the groom, upon whose mind the fear of danger to his beloved master was working deeply. "I knew nothing of it until this morning. When I went out I found the stable open, and old Hunter standing in the middle of the floor, saddled and bridled, and covered with sweat. One of the girths was broken, and the saddle was loose and askance. As soon as I had secured him in his stall, I went to find Sir Edward, to see if he had been using the horse; but no Sir Edward could I find. We have looked everywhere, and he is not here."

"O!" groaned Lorinda, wringing her hands in agony, "he is not himself! He has gone off in the dark! Find him—find him!"

"How was he when you saw him last night?" asked Owen.

"He acted strangely," replied the stricken girl. "He talked as one whose mind is wandering!"

"I thought so," responded the brother-in-law, shaking his head. "He has appeared to me to act very strangely ever since he returned from London; but more especially has this been the case since the night on which we supposed you were lost."

Lorinda was fairly beside herself with grief and alarm; but she had presence of mind enough to suggest that search should be at once made.

"We were just moving in that direction," said Owen; "but we wished to see you first. If he is in the country, we will find him. So rest easy, dear lady, and trust in Heaven. Gerald is already in the saddle, and we will soon follow his example."

"Let some one hasten to Farworth, and turn out the people there," said Lorinda. "They can help in the search."

"I shall go that way," returned Luke.

"Then go at once," urged the anxious girl. "O, find him, and bring him back."

"We will," said Owen.

And then Lorinda went out, and saw the men off, after which she went up to the library, to see if her guardian had left any writing there which might afford a clue to his whereabouts; but she could find nothing of the kind. His books and papers were all put away, and everything arranged in order. The desks and cabinets were locked; the fire-board put up; and the blinds closed over the casements. It was plain enough that he had prepared that apartment for being left alone. Her next movement was to Sir Edward's sleeping chamber, where she found things arranged the same as in the library. The bed had not been touched during the night, and the wardrobe was closed and locked. Thus fruitless in her search, she went out into the park, partly for the fresh air, and partly that she might be at hand to receive the first tidings that should come of her guardian.

The waiting, anxious girl had walked several times up and down the broad carriage way, taking no account of time, when she saw horsemen approaching the gate. She recognized Luke Bissell among the number, and being assured that he would not have returned at this time without some intelligence, she hastened forward with a wildly beating heart. She stopped, however, ere she had gone far, for she saw that the men were approaching the house by another and more direct path; and she also saw that they bore something in their midst like a helpless man; so she turned, and hastened back by the way she had come, and met Luke at the steps of the porch. They had found her guardian—he was alive—he might recover—but she had better not speak to him then. And they bore him up to his chamber, and placed him upon his bed. When the groom came out, Lorinda met him in the hall, and her prayerful, beseeching look told all she would ask.

"Wait a moment, lady," he said, "and I will return. He has asked for Dr. Willet, and I will send my boy, with the swiftest horse. Wait where you are till I come back."

She did wait, and ere long Luke rejoined her.

"I have sent William off; and if he finds the doctor at home, he will be here in two hours at the furthest. And now, touching this sad affair, you must be very anxious."

"O—you don't know how anxious! What is it, Luke? Where did you find him, and how?"

"I found him, lady, by the side of the road, in the deepest part of the vale. You know where the high cliff of rock is?"

"Yes,"

"Well—it was right there. He was prostrate when I found him; and must have been thrown from his horse with considerable violence. He may have crawled a short distance from the place where he fell, but not far. He has spoken to me but twice since I found him. He wanted to be brought to Cheswold, and then he spoke the name of Doctor Adam Willet. Still I hope he isn't badly hurt. There is no serious bruise about him that I can find; though I think he must have got a bad blow upon the head. Old Hunter hasn't been exercised much of late, and he is getting mettlesome."

"Poor, dear Sir Edward! O, I must see him, Luke."

"Wait, lady, and I will go in. They were undressing him when I left them."

By and by the servants came out, and presently Luke Bissell came and touched Lorinda upon the shoulder.

"Sir Edward has revived and spoken."

"O—thank God!"

"He whispered your name. So come. Step softly—he is very weak. Your presence may cheer him."

CHAPTER XI.

WHO VISITED THE SICK CHAMBER.

Lorinda stepped very softly, but yet the sound of her foot upon the oaken floor was sufficient to attract the baronet's attention; or it may have been the result of some sympathetic impression. At all events, he turned his head upon his pillow, and raised his right hand towards her; and there was a smile upon his face, as though he was glad to see her. He was pale and wan, with a sort of fainting, faded light in his eye, and an unusual prominence of the larger veins upon his brow. The maiden sank down upon a chair by his bedside, and leaned her head over towards his cheek; but before a word had been spoken Luke Bissell came in again, in company with one of the female servants, who brought some wine. The invalid swallowed a generous draught, and in a very few minutes the effect was visible in a warmer glow of the face, and an easier breathing. As soon as Luke and his companion had withdrawn, Lorinda moved again to the bedside, and laid her cheek upon her guardian's pillow.

"O," she murmured, winding her arm gently about him, "you are not much hurt! You will not suffer! There is no danger!"

"Don't be alarmed, darling," he returned, speaking in a low tone, but yet steadily. "I shall soon get over this. It was but a fall from my horse."

"And was it not in the same place where you fell before?"

"Before?—fell?"

"Where you fell on that night when the two smugglers came with you to Farworth," explained Lorinda.

"Ah—yes—I remember. Aye—'twas upon the self-same spot. But this was a different fall, darling. Then, if help had not come, I should have been killed on the spot; but this time I was thrown clear from the saddle. Still, it was a bad fall—a dangerous one."

"Dear guardian," and she drew closer to him as she spoke, "why did you go away at such a time?"

"Ah, sweet one, you would not understand me were I to tell you; and perhaps I could not explain it if I tried. I was going on a journey."

"But not alone?"

"Yes—all alone. I had no need of company."

"O, you should not have done that. Will you not trust me? Come—let me share your sorrows and your trials. You need some friend in whose love and truth you can with safety confide; and where, where on earth will you find one more true than your own ward?"

"Hush, my child. Don't speak any more like that. Let us talk of something else."

Lorinda saw that her guardian was being worried by her allusions to that subject, and she readily turned to something more cheerful; still resolved, however, that she would pursue it at some more favorable opportunity, when Sir Edward was stronger and better; for she had a hope that she might, if she could get at his secret, have some happy influence upon him.

"It is curious," said the baronet, as the conversation turned upon the events of Lorinda's late adventure, "how our fates seem interwoven with these smugglers. It is very curious indeed. Next to yourself, darling, I think the individual with whom I would most readily trust my interests is old Silverthorne; and, had I gone away, I should have felt that he would have been a valuable friend to you. He may not be a smuggler now; but he must, nevertheless, be set down with that class. Had I not fallen in the wood, and received this injury, I should have seen him to-day."

"Is there not," asked Lorinda, carefully, "something more about this old man than is generally known?"

"About Silverthorne?" said the baronet, with quick surprise.

"Yes."

"What do you mean, my child? Who says there is anything more about him?"

"I do not mean that there is anything against him," said the girl, in a soothing tone, for she saw that her guardian was startled; "but isn't there something else?"

"What else can there be? Have you seen him?"

"Only once, and that was in the evening, and at a distance. But Elroy Clifton saw him—he met him upon the beach, and spoke with him."

"Well—what of that?"

"Why, Elroy said that there appeared to be something very strange about him. He thought there was something familiar in his face, and in the tones of his voice."

"Pooh. Don't listen to such stuff, my child. It is all nonsense. Poor old Silverthorne has suffered enough without being mixed up with any one else. He was transported five-and-twenty years ago, before Elroy Clifton was born —and has only been back in England a month. I saw him in London when he first arrived, and I know that he did not come here before I came home."

"Then Elroy must be mistaken," returned Lorinda.

"Of course he must," responded Sir Edward. "He has probably got his mind upon some other individual—upon some one whom he has seen in some of his wanderings in foreign places."

Somehow or other Lorinda was not wholly satisfied with this. Not only had Elroy spoken of the matter, but she had heard the gate-keeper express the same wonder. And then she thought that her guardian seemed anxious to turn it off with as little consideration as possible. But she would not press it further, since it evidently was not an agreeable theme to the invalid, so she took up the thread of remark where it had been dropped previous to her interruption, and went on to admit that fate did seem to link them strangely with the smugglers. And she probably thought more than she spoke, if one might judge from the gentle heaving of her bosom, and from the color which came and went upon her face when allusion was made to her experience with the bold outlaws.

Sir Edward seemed to love the sound of his fair ward's voice, and when he spoke, his own voice was free and even, but still his ideas were not wholly clear. After the allusion to Silverthorne his thoughts were inclined to waver, and it was finally evident that his mind was not yet strong. Lorinda was sadly meditating upon this development, with one of his hands clasped in hers, when Doctor Willet was announced.

"Is it Adam Willet?" asked the baronet, starting to his elbow.

"Yes, sir," replied Luke, who had come with the message.

"Then let him come in. I am glad he has answered my call."

In a few moments the doctor was introduced. He was a tall, grey-haired man, with a kindly face, and had been Sir Edward's warm friend from boyhood. He greeted the lady Lorinda first, and then turned to his patient.

"How is this, Sir Edward?" he asked, with a pleasant smile. "You are growing clumsy in your old age."

"Clumsy and reckless, perhaps," replied the baronet. "But never mind that. I fear I am somewhat hurt."

"Well, well, we'll soon ascertain about that."

At this point Lorinda asked if she could be of any assistance. The doctor appealed to his patient, and the latter shook his head, so she went out with Luke. In the hall she met Owen Murdock, who was anxious to know how fared it with his brother-in-law. She told him just as she thought it was. She hoped there was no danger.

And so hoped Owen, or, at least, he said so, and appeared to speak earnestly. It was a sad calamity, and he should suffer with anxiety until he was fully assured that Sir Edward was out of danger.

While they were talking Gerald came up, and him, also, Lorinda told how her guardian was faring. She did not wait to hear his remarks, but went away by herself, to wait until she could hear the report of the doctor.

In the meantime, Owen and his son repaired to one of their own apartments, where they discussed the matter at their leisure. As far as the present result was concerned they did not appear to be very anxious. If Sir Edward died, it would be all very well, and if he lived, they would make the best of it, but what troubled them most was, to understand why he had gone out in such a strange way.

"It is not simple madness," said Owen. "He did not plan this journey because he had nothing else to do, nor yet from the mere whim of a wandering mind. There is something behind all this. You say he did not call upon you during his late visit to London?"

"He did not. I saw nothing of him," replied Gerald.

"And for the reason," resumed the parent, "that he was in London only to pass through it. I do not believe he made any stop there."

"Then what do you believe, governor?"

"Ah, there's the rub, my boy. I don't know what to believe. All is, I am sorry he met with this accident."

"But," suggested Gerald, "suppose it should prove fatal?"

"Even then I should be sorry. I am satified that he went away last night for the purpose of making a journey, and I am furthermore satisfied that in that journey he had an object of vital moment. Had he gone safely on I should now have been upon his track, for, when I found him gone this morning, I should have followed him. I would have found him at some rate, and then I would have hung upon his track till I had probed his secret."

"What in the world do you mean, governor? What is this secret?"

"There is where you have me, Gerald. I am wholly in the dark. I only know what I feel. I have a sort of intuitive perception that Sir Edward is up to some game. I can read it in his look, and in his manner, and in his movements, and if I knew what it was, I might thwart it. Upon my soul, I am sorry this accident has befallen him, but now we must wait for further developments. While he is sick we can take our ease, that is, if he does not get so sick as to send for his lawyer, and, in view of that event, we must use every means in our power to keep upon the right side of him."

And there, for the time, the consultation of the father and son ended.

Doctor Willet was a long time with the baronet—more than an hour—but he came forth at length, and the anxious, waiting girl met him in the hall.

How was it?

The doctor shook his head.

"I don't know what to tell you," he said. "I don't want to frighten you, nor, on the other hand, would I raise your expectations too high. Sir Edward is badly injured, but how dangerous it may prove I cannot say. Externally there is little to be seen; the shock has been deeper and more dubious. The blow upon the head was a bad one, but he received a worse one in the region of the heart. I shall see him again to-morrow, and then I may be able to judge more surely."

Owen and Gerald also saw the doctor, and to them he gave the same account.

Lorinda spent the remainder of the day with the sick man, but he conversed very little, seeming inclined to sleep most of the time. Gerald came in and spent a couple of the evening hours with him, making himself as agreeable and useful as possible, but for the night Luke Bissell was the chosen watcher, the baronet having a real affection for the faithful old groom.

In the morning Sir Edward seemed lower in spirits, though no new symptoms of physical weakness had appeared. Towards noon the doctor came, and spent another hour with him.

How was it now?

"His case is a peculiar one," Willet said, with another shake of the head. "There is an internal injury, but no hemorriage that I can detect. I am afraid of some morbid action which will do its work in the dark."

However, they must wait. He should visit the patient every day, and do all in his power to reach the seat of the difficulty.

Lorinda spent most of the day with the sufferer, Owen and Gerald dropping in occasionally to see him, and speak such words of cheer as they deemed fitting to the occasion. At night Luke took his post again, and the lady Lorinda, when she left the sick chamber, threw on her shawl and walked out into the park. The air was soft and balmy, and as the moon was near its full, and the heavens clear, the scene and the season were inviting and soothing. It was past ten o'clock when the maiden finally concluded that she had walked enough, and as she pursued her way back towards the house, she took the foot-path that led up from the northern gate. She was walking slowly on, with her head partially bowed, when she was startled by a shadow across the path, and on looking up, she beheld a man standing directly before her. A quick cry escaped her lips, but she did not flee, for as the tones of the intruder's voice fell upon her ear, she at the same time recognized the individual. The long, white locks, and the flowing beard, gleaming like threads of silver in the strong moonlight, she had seen once before.

"Sweet lady, be not alarmed, for surely he would be a villain indeed who could harm such as thee. Dost not know me?"

"Thou art Silverthorne."

"Yes, lady, and I have just arrived at Cheswold. I heard that the master had met with an accident."

"So he has, sir."

"Is it serious?"

Lorinda told him how it had happened, and what opinion the doctor had given.

"I am sorry for that," the old man said,—"I am very sorry; for Sir Edward Stanton has been a firm, true friend to me. I came to see him. I wonder if it would disturb him much to see me now?"

"O, good sir—that cannot be," cried Lorinda. "You will have to wait till morning."

"Nay, lady. If I see him at all, it must be to-night. Where is he?"

"He is in his chamber."

"He has an attendant?"

"Yes."

"Then will you not go and gently arouse the watcher, and give him my errand? I think, if Sir Edward has his senses, he will see me at once. You can try, lady. A very slight rap upon the door will call the attendant, if he be a faithful one."

After a little reflection Lorinda said she was willing to do thus much.

"Then hasten on, and do the errand, and I will meet you when you return."

Without further question the maiden went to the house upon her strange mission; and she went the more readily because, from what she had heard her guardian say, she was satisfied that there was some important matter pending between him and this white-haired old man. She stepped softly as she approached the sick chamber, and having listened a moment at the door, she gave a light rap. Luke presently appeared, and to him she delivered her errand. He returned to the chamber, and when he came back he said that Silverthorne might come up.

And how was Sir Edward then?

He seemed to be very comfortable. He had rested well, and was quite cheerful.

With this cheering word Lorinda turned from the place, and went down into the park, where she found Silverthorne sitting upon one of the horse-blocks. The old man arose as his fair messenger approached, and as the moonbeams fell full upon his face, she caught an expression which had before been hidden by the shadow of his hat. It was an expression of the eye and brow, and of the sweep of the upper parts of the cheeks and the finely formed nose. She stopped as she saw it, and seemed lost for the moment in surprise.

"What is the result?"

His voice recalled her, and she told him that he might follow her.

"I thought so," he said, as he moved along by her side. "I did not think he would disappoint me. I love him very much; and I am sure he loves me in return. In a little while, lady, I shall come to live near you; and I hope that you and I will be friends."

The old man had spoken slowly, and at intervals, seeming to ponder and reflect even between words of the same sentence; so that they had almost reached the upper corridor as he concluded. Lorinda barely had time to tell him that she would be a friend to any man who was a friend to her guardian, when they reached the door of the baronet's chamber. Luke came and let the visitor in, and when he had gone, she went away to her own room.

And now the fair mistress of Farworth was puzzled as the youthful smuggler and the gate-keeper had been before her. She thought of that strange face till she fell asleep upon her pillow; and then she saw it in her dreams, the foremost figure of most wonderful phantasies.

CHAPTER XII.

A DEPARTURE; AND AN ARRIVAL.

For several days there seemed to be but little change in the condition of Sir Edward Stanton. Lorinda was with him much of the time; and Owen Murdock and his son were very attentive, and appeared to be very kind. Once the lady of Farworth touched again upon the subject of the old boat-builder, and was eager to know what it was about him that impressed her so wondrously.

"But," she said, as her guardian shook his head, "I know there is something; for it is not possible that I could be so deceived. He spoke to me in the park; I walked with him some distance; and I came to your door to see if you would admit him. I saw him, with the bright moonbeams shining full upon his face, and there was that in the view that startled me. Can you not explain it?"

"I am sorry that I cannot relieve your curiosity of its burden," replied Sir Edward, after reflecting awhile. "And now, my child," he added, taking her hand, and speaking like one who would be obeyed, "you must let this matter rest for the present. If Silverthorne has any great secret, it is not for me to expose. In time you will become acquainted with him, and you can question him as much as you please. In the meantime rest assured that he will do you no harm. I believe he is so strongly attached to me, by gratitude and dependence, that he could not, if he would, betray the confidence of a friend of mine."

Lorinda asked no more. She knew that Silverthorne came two or three times to Cheswold, after she met him in the park; but she did not chance to see him. Luke Bissell told her that he had been there, and that his conferences with the baronet were private, and seemed to be of deep import.

Doctor Willet came every day; and though he gave no decided opinion touching the result of the case, yet our heroine was led to believe that her guardian would recover. At the end of a week, however, her hopes were checked by the discovery that the sick man's mind was again wandering. One day the doctor met her in the hall, and told her that Sir Edward must go to London.

"To London?" repeated the maiden in surprise. "He is not able. You do not mean that he will go?"

"I think he will."

"And do you think him able?"

"That is not exactly the question, my dear lady. He has taken a fancy that way, and no effort of mine can turn it. He thinks he shall never get well here; and he wishes to go to London, where he can have more assistance. In his present situation any attempt to curb him will be surely dangerous; while, on the other hand, if his mind is made up to go, all his energies will be turned that way, and thus the power of the will may overcome the weakness of the body. I think he had better go. In fact, as he appears now, I doubt if it can be prevented."

When the doctor had gone Lorinda hastened to the bedside of her guardian with all possible speed. The thought of his going to London filled her with fear. It came upon her cold and grim, and prophetic of evil.

"You will not—you must not!" she cried, holding his hand, and gazing down into his pale face beseechingly.

"Hush, darling," he replied, calmly and composedly; "you know not what you ask me. If you love me, and would have me recover, don't object to this. I know, and Adam Willet knows, that my disease is a most complicated one. If I remain here, I shall die—and that right speedily. In the great metropolis there are physicians who can help me. They cannot come to me, so I must go to them. I must—MUST."

"Dear, good, kind guardian, if you only knew how weak you are——"

"Stop, sweet child. I *do* know. It is you who are ignorant. My weakness is not one to be set against the journey; but rather to be set in its favor. If you could see what I see, and hear what I hear, you would hasten me on my journey. Wondrous voices are sounding in my ears, and magic fingers beckon to me. From out the darkness of night they send to me their signals, and from the warm, soft sunshine they smilingly beseech me. Ah, no, I dare not disobey them. You know nothing about it; but I know all."

Lorinda Verbrook rested her head upon the pillow to hide her tears; and her guardian went on with a prattle, soft and musical, but yet without sense or rhythm. By and by Luke came in, and she hurried away to her own chamber, where she threw herself upon the bed, and wept without restraint. It was plain enough now that the good man's reason was gone. Oh, what a thought it was!

From that time forth Sir Edward was firm and unyielding in his determination to go to London; and finally the arrangements were made for his departure. Lorinda had plead with all the power she possessed; but to no avail. Owen had joined her; but his reasoning was of no effect. Then the maiden asked that she might accompany her guardian; but this, too, he refused.

"Don't weep," he said, kissing her tear-wet cheek. "You cannot go with me. I shall not be long away; and when I return I shall be well and strong; and then we will be happy once more. You are very foolish to plead so. It pains me, darling. If you would help me to recover, you must let me see you cheerful and composed. O, if it be possible, let me carry your face in my soul covered with smiles. As I see it when we part, so shall I carry it in my memory. If it is pleasant, the memory will be sweet; if it is cloudy, the memory will be sad and disheartening. So, precious one, cheer me if you can."

She turned away to the window and sought to conquer the struggling spirit. If it would please him, she would do it. At least all outer signs should be put away, and he should not see her face clouded again. She asked God to help her and with the going forth of her earnest prayer she found strength.

"There! there, my darling," the sick man cried, as his fair ward smiled upon him; "if you knew how blessed such sunshine is, you would bring no more clouds. Now let me kiss you."

And yet, when she was alone, in the solitude of her chamber, she wept more bitterly than before.

The morning came—bright and beautiful without—but, ah, how gloomy in the old manor house! An easy travelling litter had been provided, under direction of the doctor; and the master of Cheswold was brought down from his chamber, and placed in it. Only Luke Bissell, of all his household, was to accompany him; so the other servants were forced to bid him farewell. He smiled upon them as they came, in turn, to speak the parting word, and bade them be prepared to see him well and strong again, ere the chill blast of Winter came. The older and more experienced ones shook their heads sadly, for they felt that their master would not do this if he was in his right mind.

"You, Owen," he said, as his brother-in-law stood by his side, "must look out for Cheswold while I am gone. Be kind to my people, and let nothing suffer for want of attention."

And when Owen made answer, one not thoroughly acquainted with him would have supposed that his sympathy was the deepest of all; and that his heart was set upon the firm rock of truth and devotion.

And so, too, Gerald. He promised to do all in his power to make things pleasant at Cheswold.

"Now, darling, let me have your bright smile to cheer and light me on my way."

So spoke the baronet to his lovely ward; and she did not disappoint him. She kissed him—she blessed him—and she smiled as though she were content and hopeful.

"Fare thee well, sweet one. I go to recover the health I have lost. We will be happier when I come back."

It was only another kiss—another smile—another pressure of the hand. Such was her answer; for she dared not speak—she could not! She saw the great carriage, drawn by four horses, and driven by Luke Bissell; with her guardian and his doctor seated within, pass out and from the park—wind down into the vale—and thence away beyond the thickly-spreading trees; and then she went to her chamber, and cried like a bereaved child. All day long she remained there, only coming forth in the evening to wander alone in the park. When she laid her head upon her pillow, she wept again; and through the dreary night she sorrowed, in waking, or in dreamy slumber. On the following morning her maid came over from Farworth; and for awhile she was cheered by this friendly presence.

Ellen Chapman was a light-formed, cheerful creature; with black, sparkling eyes, and jetty curls; and a year or two older than her mistress. She was the child of an old tenant at Farworth, and had served Lorinda ever since she had been large enough. Lately her father had been very sick, and she had been to nurse him; but now he was better, so she returned to her post of duty; and she came in good time, too; for surely she was needed.

"Why so sad, my dear lady?" she asked, as she smoothed the hair upon the brow of her mistress, and gazed tenderly down into the tearful face.

"I cannot help it, Ellen."

"But why? Has not Sir Edward been away before? Surely there is no need of mourning thus."

"Ah," replied Lorinda, in a tone so full of melancholy that her attendant was moved even to tears, "it is not because he is gone that I mourn; but because I shall never see him again!"

"Never see him again! O, lady, you do not mean that?"

"I do mean it, Ellen, for it is thus fixed in my mind. Ever since Sir Edward talked of going to London that terrible incubus has been upon me; and I can no more shake it off than I can rid myself of the knowledge that I live."

"Dear lady, do not feel so. There is no need of it. Sir Edward will reach London in safety; and he will there be well cared for. Wait until you hear from him."

"I shall wait in vain," said the maiden, with a sad, dejected look. "It will take ten days, at least, for them to reach the metropolis."

"But," urged Ellen, "they will write on the road. Doctor Willet will be sure to send you word from Manchester, and from Litchfield, and from Northampton. O, wait until you hear from him." And the affectionate girl threw her arms about her lady's neck, and tried by all the means in her power to soothe and comfort her. And in a measure she was successful, for Lorinda returned her embrace with a smile, and promised to be cheerful if she could.

On the second day after the baronet's departure, old Silverthorne presented himself at the manor-house, and asked for the keys of the cot and shop which had been deeded to him. The steward had them, and he gave them up without a word of question, as he knew that the applicant was legally entitled to them. When Lorinda knew that the old man had come, she called to her maid, and the two went down to the cot, where they found the restored occupant busily engaged in arranging things for his comfort and convenience. He greeted his fair visitors kindly and having provided seats for them, he rested awhile from his labors.

"I should have inquired for you, my lady," he said, after he had taken a seat, himself; "but I thought I should see you during the day, so I would not disturb you. I saw Sir Edward at Barton, and he wished me to tell you that he was well and hopeful; and that he should stand his journey bravely."

"You saw him?" cried Lorinda, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And what think you? Was he well? Was he able to pursue that toilsome journey?"

"Really," returned Silverthorne, with some hesitation, "I am not prepared to say as to that. Yet, from what I saw and heard, I should judge that he had better go. As his mind was bent that way so strongly it might have been fatal had he been restrained. I think I understand his case. He is not well at heart. His mind is not well. He is diseased in spirit. And so he must be dealt with very much after his own whims. You understand what I mean, lady."

"Yes, sir—I understand it very well."

"Then," resumed the old man, with a cheerful turn, "let us hope for the best. I am certainly anxious touching the fate of our noble friend; but I will not make myself unnecessarily miserable. If there is ground for fear, there is also ground for hope; so let us take the pleasant path while it is open to us. If you are inclined to be sad, find more healthy food for your thoughts. If I did not busy myself I should be melancholy enough. Ah, it seems like old times here. This little cot, and the shop close by, hold many dear memories for me. I shall clear out the spiders, and have these quarters in comfortable order, by and by; and then you will find a neater place when you come to visit the old boat-builder."

Lorinda followed him in the conversation as he thus turned it into a more lively channel, and having spent almost an hour in his company, she took her leave, promising to come again when she could make it convenient,—aye, promising to come often.

On their way back to the house, Ellen remarked that she had not yet seen Gerald Murdock; and it then occurred to our heroine that she had not seen him since—when? Not since her guardian left.

"I have not missed him," she said, "for I have not thought of him; but surely I have not seen him since he stood last by the side of Sir Edward's carriage. He must have gone away."

A little after this they met Owen in the park, and as he stopped to speak with them, Lorinda asked him where Gerald was.

"Ah, you have missed him, then?"

"I have not seen him sir."

"No, I suppose not. He went away a few hours after Sir Edward left us. He had business in Manchester—some law business, I believe. It may detain him some time."

A few more remarks, and the girls pursued their way toward the hall. When they reached their chamber, and had removed their shawls, Lorinda asked her companion what she thought of Silverthorne.

"I have been upon the point of speaking of him, several times since we left the cot," replied Ellen; "but something has occurred to turn my attention in another direction. If I understand aright, he is the same man who lived in that cot a great many years ago?"

"Yes."

"And he was transported for smuggling?"

"Yes."

"When did he return to England?"

"Only a few weeks since."

"Do you mean that he has not been in England since he was transported until now?"

"It is so;—at least, so my guardian says."

Ellen looked puzzled and perplexed.

"But—I don't understand it," she said. "As we talked with him to-day, there seemed something so familiar in his look and tone, and in his old-fashioned, kindly manner, that I fancied I had known him for years. And—yet—I cannot call him to mind. What is it, dear lady? You must help me out; for I freely confess that I cannot solve it."

"Ah, my good Ellen, you will gain no help from me; for I am as much in the dark as you are."

And this same difficulty was present with all the people at Cheswold. Since old Silverthorne had taken possession of the cot by the river they had all seen him, and they wondered much over the indescribable something which had been apparent to others. Some of the older servants, who had known the boat-builder in former years, before the brand of felony had been placed upon him, shook their heads as they whispered together; but they ventured not to speak their thoughts aloud; for they would not injure the old man; and, after all, there was a possibility that they might be mistaken.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

FOUR POINTS.—There were four good habits which a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns: these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done, and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

◆

INTERCOURSE with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and, by a necessary influence, our tempers and habits are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

◆

IT is temper which makes the bliss of home, or destroys comfort. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle. The home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

LOVE'S VICTIM.

Caroline Ellis was the youngest and most beautiful of the four daughters of a New England farmer. Her elder sisters had all married exemplary husbands, and had happy homes; but Caroline and her brother Joseph had come to the conclusion that they would never marry, but live with each other in the old homestead.

But there are certain disturbing influences which are prone to disconcert all well-formed plans like those of the brother and sister. In the present case *love* was the disturbing force. Caroline met, fell in love with, and married George Cooke, despite her brother's zealous warnings and passionate appeals. He saw that Cooke was a heartless fop, and he learned that he was an unprincipled adventurer; but Caroline, though one of the best and purest-hearted, as well as one of the most sensible of women, could see nothing but his manly beauty and elegance. And so she married him.

After she became George Cooke's wife, her little inheritance was paid into her husband's hands, her store of household linen and quaint old silver plate was packed with the slender but tasteful wardrobe deemed by her quite sufficient, and seated by her husband's side, she was driven away, kissing her hand, between tears and smiles, to "dear old Joe," as long as his burly figure, leaning over the home gate, remained in sight.

A few short months of splendor, such as Caroline had never dreamed of, followed, in the city to which her husband had taken her. She was perfectly happy, because perfectly trusting, till the brilliant bubble burst, which it soon did, being as unsubstantial as those which children delight to see floating away, mirroring upon their sides enchanted castles like, but far more gorgeous than, the neighbor's houses, and speedily melting into "airy nothings." Caroline's money was spent, and so were the proceeds of George Cooke's successful speculation, as he termed it, "peculatiion" being, without doubt, the more appropriate name. They lived for a while on the proceeds of Caroline's jewels—bridal presents from her husband and her prosperous relatives—then they flitted by night from the elegant city boarding-house where they had fared sumptuously so long, Caroline deceived till the last. Had she known, her conscience would have been troublesome, but George pretended that funds were coming, that all should be paid, until he had taken her out for a drive, and persuaded her to enter the meaner home he had chosen. Then he told her all, or as much as he chose, and enforced silence by arousing her fears for his personal safety.

It were needless to enter into details of this sad woman's sad life. Enough, that it dragged its slow length along for many a year, for hearts break slowly, and souls and bodies do not part save by direst pangs, especially if human love binds the soul in its strong chains, and continually forges new strength for every effort.

Sometimes they had plenty of money and luxurious houses, for they flitted constantly, from mansion to cottage, from gorgeous hotel to hovel of boards beside a railroad cut, or of logs on the outskirts of a forest where gangs of men wrestled with the Titan's of the wilderness.

And Caroline toiled always. She had children who must be fed, and clothed and taught; she had myriad household cares, even in her best estate, for their luxury was often but superficial, for others' eyes, not their own enjoyment.

She lived thus for twenty-five years—a quarter of a century of suffering and toil! Her sisters, and her brother, long since himself a happy husband and father, would sometimes win her for brief visits to their houses, but her cares and duties seldom permitted her absence from the home her husband provided for her. They did care for her children, as these grew older, helped them in business, and in various ways. But the leprosy, the taint of their father's evil organization, did not fail to make itself apparent in his offspring. Some of them, like him, were indolent and thriftless, and only saved from his more positive vices, by their mother's teachings and example; others, born when the forces of life, when both mental and bodily vigor were on the wane in her, inherited a feeble and defective organization, and yielded supinely to the rude buffetings of life. There was little to be done for these unfortunates, still less, save in words of sympathy, for their hapless mother. And she, knowing how she had rejected their advice and warnings, was too proud to ask their aid, save when compelled to do so by her unprincipled husband.

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Caroline's home was a miserable board shanty, standing all alone and unsheltered in the very centre of a vast, unenclosed space, half swamp, half common, over which a railroad was to reach a flourishing city. Her husband had taken a contract on the work, as he told her when he took her from the humble but comfortable home which her eldest son and daughter had aided her to procure, and in which she had settled down with her first feeling, for many a year, of security. He must live there among his men, he said, and she with him. But after she had entered that realm of desolation she found that he had only attempted to obtain a contract, and in reality had neither means nor employment.

The direct rays of a July sun heated the rude shanty to suffocation, the steam of the marshes, poison-laden, filled the air. Caroline, sick and giddy, could hardly move about to perform her small household tasks, when her husband, with no abatement of his haughty air, his form as erect, his face as handsome in its frame of slightly grizzled locks, as ever in his youth, entered and threw a huge bundle upon the table.

"There is some work for you," he said, in surly tones. "I knew you had nothing to do, and got this for you—heavy woollen clothing. It must be finished at the earliest possible moment, for I am penniless, and a shame it is that *I* should be forced to carry such bundles through the streets."

"More shame that *I*, sick and utterly worn and weary, should be forced to stitch their contents for a pittance to be spent by my husband, who is too proud to soil his hands with work," Caroline might well have replied, but she remembered threats, and taunts, perhaps blows, for a less fault, and, according to her wont, obeyed in meek silence.

She lived to finish all these, toiling as in the delirium of a dream through the sultry, glaring days. But when her husband, with no thought of her, but cursing his fate that degraded him to such tasks, had carried the garments home, and returned with more, he found his devoted wife lying insensible across the threshold of their home, with the half-spilled bucket of water she had been carrying, beside her.

After that long swoon death came to her softly and gently, and the bony hands loosed her bonds of flesh tenderly as angel-fingers. She knew none of the sorrowing group that gathered round her bed. A soft smile lingered on her fine, small mouth when all was over, and a holy calm folded her waxen eyelids, and rested on her lovely brow.

All her sorrows were past. Serf, victim, unhappy, no longer, they laid her to her last rest beside her parents in the shadow of the old homestead, and those who loved her had known no happier day since she had been a wife.

THE DOVE AND THE ANGEL.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The roses and stars were in blossom;
She leant by the lattice alone,
And a pet dove, white as a lily,
Flew out of the night with a moan,
And nestled down close in her bosom,
To hide from the wound in its own.

Tears rained on the snow of its plumage,
Tears rained on the golden moonshine;
"Ah, beautiful, tremulous darling,"
She murmured, "my life is like thine—
Only I have no bosom to fly to,
My bird, as you fly into mine."

The south-moon dropped under the shadow,
Yet she stayed to remember and weep,
Till—what was the wonderful Presence,
So quiet and holy and deep,
That stole thro' the dreams of the roses,
Till they shook out their sweetness in sleep?

Ah, an Angel that once was a mortal,
Flew out of the glories unknown,
And like the white dove from the darkness
That came to her love with its moan,
She nestled down close in his bosom,
And hid from the wound in her own.

WHY NELLY LOST HER LOVER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It was noticed among the friends of George Lane, that, for some cause unknown to them, a sober hue had fallen on his thoughts. The reason was inferred, and correctly. Arrows from a pair of bright eyes had wounded him, and the pain found no abatement night nor day. Was the maiden coy or unkind? No—the maiden was familiar and tender. There was healing in the eyes that shot forth arrows.

And the pain found no abatement night nor day? None! George Lane was no blind lover, ready to risk all consequences in pursuit of an object; but, a sensible young man who counted the cost. And now he was counting up the cost. This was the reason of his trouble. Love is sweet, but life is a thing of sober earnest; and as George put the love and the life together, taking things as they were, he could not see how love was to leave any permanent sweetness.

An intimate friend, holding him by the hand one day, said:

"George, my dear fellow! what has come over you? I don't believe you have smiled for a month. Are you in love?"

"Yes," was the frank reply.

"Aha! A sickness of the mind. Well, I'm glad to know that it's nothing more serious. Love wounds to heal. If, as the poet says:

'Keen transport throbs through every vein,'

it is also true that we never know 'so sweet a pain.'"

"There is no sweetness in my case," said the young man. "The pain is sharp; and there was no medicine on the arrow-point."

"Then the maiden is unkind?"

"No."

"She loves you in return?"

"If I have any skill in reading eyes."

"What then? Are her parents unwilling?"

"I have never asked them."

"You are a strange lover, to look so woe-begone. Where rests the trouble?"

"There is much beyond love," said Lane.

"Yes."

"Marriage and the cost of living."

"True. But you have a good salary. Has the young lady nothing?"

"She has a father who is doing an excellent business; but the family live at an expense which must cover all, if not more than all the profits."

"Who is the young lady? I will not betray your confidence."

"The youngest daughter of Abraham West."

"Hardware merchant?"

"The same."

"I know her, and a sweet girl she is. Nelly West. Why, George, she's the very one for you. And you have found favor in her eyes! I congratulate you."

"You needn't, then," was the somber-faced reply of Lane, "for I am not witless enough to bare my neck to the halter of matrimony, if the act is to bind me to a perpetual serfdom."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that the manner in which Mr. West has raised his daughters, unfits them for the position of wives to young men of my condition. They have the education, the tastes and the accomplishments we desire and must have; but their habits and expectations are fatal dowries for any poor young man to accept. They have no fortune to bring their husbands, and yet must be supported in comparative elegance. The idea of useful employment does not seem to have entered their minds. Work, in their view, involves something of degradation. Ah, well! I must dismiss a fond illusion, that was sweet while it lasted. I shall go no farther in this unsafe direction. Some other man, bolder, or less inclined to count the cost, must win consent from a heart it would be a life-long happiness to call my own."

"Nonsense, George," replied the friend. "If the young lady really loves you, she will adapt herself to your circumstances. Nelly is a charming girl. Press your suit, and after gaining her consent, talk over life's sober realities with her. She has sense and right feeling, and will readily comprehend how much of happiness is involved in your prudential ideas. A woman who loves a man well enough to marry him, will cheerfully accommodate herself to his circumstances."

"Accommodate!" said the young man, curling his lip. "I don't like the word. It hurts my pride."

"Pride is never a good counsellor, George."

"My manhood, then. It hurts my manhood. A young woman, without a dollar in the world, *accommodate* herself to the circumstances of a young man whose income is twelve hundred a year! You can't reconcile me to the case under that plea. My pride, manliness, self-love, or self-esteem—as you will—revolts against the humiliation. No, no—George Lane has independence as well as prudence, and thinks their counsels worth heeding."

"While I think," answered the friend, "that George Lane is a little too high strung for the case under consideration. I know Nelly very well, and think her a sensible girl. True, the way in which her parents have conducted her home education is not favorable to just views in life. But love is clear-sighted and strong-hearted. Take her out of her present false relation to society, and she will make you, I am sure, a good wife in every respect."

"No, sir," was firmly answered. "Even as I talk with you, and listen to what you say, I grow more resolute in my purpose to recede from a dangerous position. If Nelly was alone in the world, I might act differently. But look at the case as it stands, and see what risks are involved. There are two older sisters, both married; and their husbands' noses, to use a homely phrase, are well down upon the grindstone, and likely to remain there. Already both have gone through the ordeal of a failure in business; and no wonder, for, not being able, as clerks, to maintain the domestic establishments they were foolish enough to set up in imitation of other people as silly as themselves, they must have stores of their own, from the incomes of which to draw more liberal supplies. And they drew, and drew, with such unscrupulous hands, that more than all the profit was consumed in costly living. Some how or other, in their break down, they have managed to keep their fine furniture and houses, and still live before the world in what seems to me a shameless extravagance. Both are clerks again; but how they manage to keep up appearances as they do, passes my comprehension. I have met their wives a few times at Mr. West's, and they hold their heads as high as queens. I am nobody in their estimation! Why, the jewelry, laces, and other showy things they flaunt in people's eyes so shamelessly—seeing that somebody besides their husbands have actually paid for them—cost more than a third of my year's salary."

"But you have nothing to do with these ladies," interposed the friend.

"True, and I don't mean to have anything to do with them. But the case would have another bearing were I a brother-in-law. I would have their bad influence operating on my wife. She must have as costly outfittings as they. She must have as fine a house to live in, and as fine furniture to display to her friends; and my nose must come down to the grindstone, like the noses of their unfortunate husbands. I've gone over the matter twenty times, or more, and can see it no differently. It won't do, and there is no use in trying to harmonize things that are utterly incongruous. Take another view. Suppose Nelly came into my view of things, and turned herself away from all these allurements. Suppose we, like sensible people, lived below our income, and set ourselves to make provision for a time when expenses would be greater. I would gradually accumulate; set up business, perhaps, and rise into a position of some influence in the way of money matters. Would have credit, if not gold at command. Then I must consent to be ruined, or written down as a miser and a churl by the whole family. Papa lives on the extension principle, just making both ends meet, as I infer. Well, tight times come every now and then. He has failed once in his life, and may fail again. When the strain equals resistance, a slight increase of force snaps the shaft or timber. If papa gets in trouble, and son-in-law is all right, son-in-law must go to the rescue, sink or swim. It won't answer, you see. I've counted the cost, and think it too great; have looked over the hedge before leaping, and am afraid of the ditch on the other side."

"I see how it is," answered the friend. "You have large caution."

"Am I not right?"

"Perhaps so. But lovers, whose hearts are as much interested as yours seems to be, are not apt to throw prudential reasons of this character in the way of their happiness. They are usually inclined to take counsel of love alone."

"I have seen pictures of Love blindfold; but I think blind Love a false god."

"As you will," said the friend. "But this I know: If my heart were interested in Nelly, I would never abandon her on the plea you have advanced; at least, not before I was well assured that the false life, which, by a kind of domestic necessity she has thus far led, had so fostered pride and vanity as to deprave her understanding. Be well assured, George, that in this you sin not against your own heart, but the maiden's!"

"I spent an evening with her last week," was replied. "I went with my mind more than half made up to let my lips betray my feelings. It so happened that she was not alone. A young lady was her guest; a sprightly, outspoken, critical, rather sharp-tongued girl of eighteen or twenty—smart enough for twenty, and thoughtless enough for sixteen. People and things were talked about with a flippancy and freedom neither charitable nor delicate. Among other subjects, the marriage of a friend was discussed, and the well or ill of the case settled in a manner that made my cheeks burn.

"'I never thought Amy the simpleton to get married in that mean kind of way,' remarked the young lady. 'She must have wanted a husband! If a man can't do better by me than that, I'd advise him to give my door a wide berth.'

"Nelly laughed at her friend, and returned a few assenting words that stung me to the quick. The present of a ring by the young husband was remarked upon. Nelly said it was an emerald, but her friend pronounced it green glass, adding, that nothing but a diamond would have suited her ideas. I waited, in uncomfortable suspense, for Nelly's response. It came, in these words:

"'Nothing but diamonds, for me!'

"Thoughtlessly said, George! Only thoughtlessly said," remarked his friend. "You take too seriously the light speeches of girls who often talk without thinking, just to hear themselves talk."

"If it was jesting," answered Lane, "the subject was unfortunate at the time. But, this was not all. My ears were quick, and I took in every word and every inflection of voice. Nelly said many other things connected with the subject of their young friend's marriage to a poor young man who could not afford her a 'respectable place in society,' that it would be folly in me to forget. When I left her house that evening, I drew a veil over her image in my heart, and have tried not to lift that veil since. The pain it is costing me I have not been able entirely to conceal, as witness your observation of a change in my appearance. But, I am strong enough to do what reason tells me is right. No word or intimation of what was in my heart have I passed to the young lady, so that I can turn from her without dishonor. Heaven send her a happy lot in life!"

The voice of George Lane faltered a little on the closing sentence. He was fully in earnest, as shown by his subsequent conduct. More deeply than he had imagined was the heart of Nelly interested, as her pale face, dreamy eyes, and quiet manner long afterwards witnessed. But he did not return. Two years afterwards she married, beginning life with a young husband just in business, who drew from his light capital two thousand dollars to furnish his house in a style suited to the social grade in which she had been moving. In three years, extravagant living had consumed more than all he was worth, and under the pressure of a "tight money market," he failed and was sold out by the sheriff, Nelly being forced to go back, with two children, to her father's house. The husband, in a fit of desperation, went off to California, and died from sickness and exposure among the mines.

In the meantime, George Lane, who could never obliterate Nelly's image from his heart, continued to live a single life. He was now in business, and gradually accumulating property. The death of Nelly's husband, and in a few months afterwards the death of her father, awakened anew his interest. Pity and sympathy began to drop fuel on the smoldering fire of love. He knew that she was poor and dependent; and learned, incidentally, with pain, that since her father's death she was living with her children in the house of a brother-in-law, who was not able to support his own family. That one still dear to him should be thus dependent, and, as he felt, humiliated, hurt the young man. He could not bear the thought, and began turning over in his mind one suggestion of means after another, looking to her relief. But all considerations of delicacy and propriety were in his way. He felt that he could do nothing.

One morning he met her in the street. He was walking, with his eyes on the pavement, thinking of Nelly, when, looking up suddenly, he saw her, at a distance, approaching. She was poorly clad, and had a bundle on her arm, which Lane recognized, at a glance, as work from a clothing store. Their eyes met, and rested in each other. Lane made a motion as if he were about to speak; but Nelly dropped her veil over her face, and moved on with quicker steps. Ere the veil fell, he saw an expression in her eyes, and on her changed and wasted countenance, that filled his heart with the tenderest and the saddest feelings. What a history of suffering was revealed! Was this the Nelly of a few years past? It was; but Nelly chastened, refined, subdued, and sweetened for a purer and truer life—meeter than before for companionship with such a man as Lane.

The rest need not be told. If Nelly lost her lover when skies were bright, she found him when rain was falling into the dark days of her life, and when painful experiences had made her vision clear.

On the lover's conduct, in turning from Nelly in her sunny days, we give no opinion. We only record the fact, and give the reason. Inferences and opinions are with the reader—and the lesson also.

THE HORSE DETECTIVE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In the winter of 1836, I was stopping for a while with a planter friend, whose extensive cotton fields stretched along the west bank of the Boque Chitto, where that stream, after traversing Pike county, in the State of Mississippi, crosses the State line into the Parish of Washington, in Louisiana. The plantation lay wholly in the former State, but its southern limit was formed by the highway that led westward from the Pearl River to the Mississippi. This road lay directly on the surveyed boundary of the two States, so that two neighbors, meeting in their morning ride, could shake hands from their saddles, and each in his own State—the Mississippian and the Louisianian standing each on his own soil.

One morning business made it necessary for me to ride to Franklinton, the county town of Washington parish, and the weather being unusually fine, my friend proposed to accompany me there.

We had reached the State line road, along which our route lay for a little way, when, on approaching a thicket on the northern side of the path, our horses suddenly shied to the right, and evidencing great alarm, refused to pass the spot.

Dismounting, and throwing the rein of my bridle over the pummel of my friend's saddle, I entered the thicket, to discover the cause of their unusual excitement.

I perceived in the dust of the road, the appearance of something heavy having been dragged through it in the direction of the bank of the bayou, and following this track into the dark shadow of the clump, I was horrified at the sight that met my eyes.

Before me lay the body of a large, well-dressed man, who had been most inhumanly murdered, for beside a pistol shot through the head, the throat was cut from ear to ear, and the embroidered vest and fine linen shirt bosom were slashed and dabbled with gouts of blood, from wide knife-wounds in the breast and side.

The man had but just been murdered, for on lifting one of the arms in my hasty examination, I observed that it was yet purple, and scarcely cold. Beside the body lay a pair of leathern saddle-bags, which had been rifled, and portions of their contents were scattered about the ground.

My exclamation of horror at the bloody spectacle had attracted the notice of my friend, and hitching the animals, he was soon at my side. He immediately recognized the man as Esquire Hendricks, a lawyer of standing in one of the neighboring counties of Mississippi.

While occupied in the examination of the body and the surrounding locality, a violent snorting and tramping was heard close at hand, and my friend, leaving me for an instant, returned, leading by the broken bridle a noble and greatly excited animal, which he said was the horse of the murdered man.

He was a beautiful thorough-bred bay, known to every one in that portion of the country, and noted for his remarkable intelligence.

The horse, on being led to the spot, exhibited the utmost excitement, and trembling in every limb, almost fell to the ground with terror. As he stood thus, with his fore feet braced forward, his long neck and head stretched toward the mangled remains of his master, his mane standing almost on end, and his eyes glaring wildly from their sockets, like balls of fire, I thought he presented the most perfect and sublime picture of terror I had ever looked upon. For a moment the faithful creature stood thus gazing upon the fearful sight, and then gradually approached the body, and after smelling it, as if to remove all lingering doubts of the identity, he reached forward to one of the outstretched hands, as it lay, palm up, on the grassy ground, and licking it like an affectionate spaniel, evinced attachment and grief, in a language stronger than words could ever have done.

Of course, this painful discovery put an end to our journey to Franklinton for that day; and gathering up the scattered property of the murdered man, and leading the excited horse, we returned to my friend's plantation—calling on the way, upon the neighbors and imparting the startling intelligence to them.

A cold-blooded murder like this, was a circumstance that had not agitated the community of Boque Chitto for a long time; and Squire Hendricks being widely known, and deservedly popular, it created no small degree of excitement.

During the investigation that followed, it transpired that the lawyer was, at the time of his death, in possession of a sum of money, which he had collected for a client; and on the morning of the murder, was taking it to the bank at Franklinton, to deposit, for the benefit of his employer. This money was missing, together with his gold watch. No doubt, of course, remained that the deed was perpetrated by a highwayman. But notwithstanding several suspicious persons were arrested, nothing was established against them, and they were discharged.

At length several weeks had passed away, and although the community were continually on the *qui vive* for the detection of the villain, the excitement in a great degree had subsided.

The month of March arrived, and I began to turn my thoughts northward; and in anticipation of the homeward journey, I had disposed of my horse. In consequence of this, I was for some time indebted to the courtesy of my friend for the use of the animal which had belonged to the murdered lawyer, still in the keeping of my friend.

One day during the Spring session of the Circuit Court of the county, I happened to visit the town; and stopping opposite the court house, to speak with my attorney, my horse, being well known as having been the property of Hendricks, naturally attracted considerable attention. All at once the horse sprang to one side with such force, as almost to throw me from the saddle and trampled upon the feet of some of his friends, and snorting loudly, seemed suddenly to be filled with terror.

As soon as I could recover my seat, I looked about the crowd for the cause of this extraordinary conduct. At this moment I perceived a person approaching, evidently to ascertain the cause of the gathering. I had frequently seen this man before, and knew he was the keeper of a dining saloon in the place. Though not a man much thought of, he was looked upon as an honest and harmless sort of fellow. This man came up; and as he drew near, the horse exhibited the utmost alarm; and snorting wildly, sprang, in spite of the rein, through the crowd, and trembling violently, endeavored to escape in an opposite direction. This strange behavior of the animal was remarked by all; and several voices exclaimed in the same breath:

"It's Bill Nevins! the horse's afraid of Bill Nevins!"

"By gracious!" cried another, "who knows but Bill, here, killed the lawyer? I say, old fellow, go up to the critter, and let him smell the blood on yer hands!"

From his first appearance, I had kept my eye upon this man; and no sooner had he caught sight of the horse, than I observed a peculiar expression on his face; and when the last words were uttered,—a deadly pallor spread over his features, and he almost staggered, as he replied:

"Who says I killed lawyer Hendricks? It's a lie!"—and turning abruptly, he attempted to walk, with all the apparent nonchalence he could assume, in the direction of his saloon. As if an electric shock had struck me, the conviction of that man's guilt rushed upon my mind; and forcing the frightened animal across the court-house square, till I overtook him, I bent forward in my saddle and shouted in his ear:

"*Bill Nevins!* I SAY *you murdered Squire Hendricks!*"

Had a thunder bolt struck the guilty wretch, he could not have fallen more suddenly to the ground. He was not hardened in crime; and this abrupt accusation of murder overcame him.

A warrant for his arrest was immediately obtained; and he was conveyed to prison to await his trial at the next session of the Circuit Court in June; while I was required to remain in the county as a witness in the case.

It was a matter of doubt whether the murder was done within the jurisdiction of the courts of Mississippi, or of those of the State of Louisiana; and the prisoner's counsel, it was hinted, would plead this question of *venue* in favor of their client.

The body of the murdered man was found on the western side of the road, and some little distance from it, and consequently within the territory of the State of Mississippi. This would be testified to, by both my friend and myself; but, at the same time, it could be proven by the appearance of the dust of the road, that the body had evidently been dragged some distance, to the place where it was discovered, *after* the deed had been perpetrated. The vicinity had been thoroughly searched, as was supposed, and no evidence of the precise locality of the death scene had been detected, by which the venue could be established. In consequence of this it was feared that the guilty man would escape the clutches of the law.

Since the discovery of the murder, I had not had occasion to pass over the road where it had been perpetrated, having transacted my business at Franklinton, through the kindness of a friend. But a few days previous to that set for the trial of Nevins, I found it necessary to visit that town myself.

I started from my friend's plantation in company with several gentlemen of the neighborhood, so that we formed quite a company of horsemen. As usual, of late, I was mounted on the beautiful bay, which had been the property of the murdered lawyer; and it was on this occasion that the extraordinary intelligence of the animal led to the complete elucidation of the mystery of the murder.

When we reached the vicinity where the bloody act had been consummated, the animal began to exhibit the same symptoms of alarm he had shown on the former occasion, and at the court-house square, notwithstanding the horses of my companions evinced no signs whatever of fear. We had passed the spot where the body of Hendricks had been discovered, when the horse, in spite of my guidance, dashed into the tangled thickets with me, and forcing his way through the grape vines and overhanging limbs, reached the roots of a large sweet-gum, when he stopped, and pawing the ground violently, exhibited signs of excessive agitation.

The gentlemen, as well as myself, having all confidence in the remarkable intelligence of the beautiful creature, we busied ourselves in examining the locality, convinced that this was the very scene of the killing of his master.

And such it proved; for one of my companions soon picked up a large, peculiarly shaped bowie knife, which was immediately recognized by several as having been in the possession of Bill Nevins shortly previous to the murder; while on the roots of the tree were found tangled masses of hair, of a color comparing exactly with that of the deceased.

These facts were sufficient, not only to prove the guilt of the prisoner, but also established the *venue*, thus making all the initiatory proceedings in the case in strict accordance with the forms and requirements of the law.

On the morning of the trial, I visited the prisoner in his cell, and stated the recent facts that had been developed against him, and conjured him, if he was really guilty, to confess the fact at once, and no longer attempt to stand out against the strong array of testimony that would establish his guilt.

As I have said before, the man was not a hardened criminal, this, doubtless, being the first crime he had ever been tempted to commit, and with terrible agitation, most fearful to look upon, and which I can never forget, the poor wretch made a clean bosom of it, and confessed to the murder.

He had become aware of the fact that Hendricks was in possession of a large sum of money, and also that he intended to deposit it at Franklinton, and secretly leaving Holmesville, he proceeded to the State line road to intercept him. Meeting his victim, to whom he was well known, by the roadside, he formed some pretext by which he induced him to enter the thicket by the sweet-gum, where the bloody deed was consummated; and the robbery accomplished, he dragged the body to the spot where myself and my friend had found it.

Thus it was, that a noble and affectionate animal, with a wonderful intelligence, not only pointed out the murderer of his master, but the very spot where the terrible crime had been committed, thus being the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of retributive justice.

* * *

INATTENTION to the present business, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once, are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

MAN is a social being; unselfish society is the harmony of humanity; loving interchange is the music of life, the music which lifts the attuned soul above discordant passions and petty cares; and song is the voice in which that music breathes.

AS some plants of the bitterest root have the whitest and sweetest blossoms, so the bitterest wrong has the sweetest repentance, which, indeed, is only the soul blossoming back to its better nature.

THE heart seldom grows better by age. A young liar will generally be an old one; a young knave only a greater knave.

IN the morning we carry the world like Atlas; at noon we stoop and bend beneath it; and at night it crushes us to the ground.

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family our temper; in company, our tongues.

ONE half of society cannot be prosperous while the other is wretched. One side of your face can't smile while the other is pinched.

IF the love of money is, as St. Paul calls it, the root of all evil, its possession is often the trunk and branches.

IF you have a large family of vices to maintain, don't think of getting married; one family is enough.

ONE man studies men, another beasts, insects, and reptiles. Each thinks himself engaged in the nobler pursuit.

THIS world, it is said, is only "the first letter in the alphabet of eternal life," but your final *sentence* may depend on it.

IF you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a *tie*.

WHY pluck flowers to deck the person or the coffin of the dead? Rob not the earth of its beauty because a loved one sinks to repose in its bosom.

MOST men are perfectly willing to lend you money at all times, except when you happen to want to borrow.

IF you think you are too tall, marry an extravagant woman, and you will soon find yourself short enough.

MAN is naturally a fighting animal. The child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

UPON the head of a bad old man white hairs are a crown of shame.

WHEN you sign your name as endorser of an unthrifty neighbor's note, it is a bad sign.

CRIME is contagious; those who arrest its perpetrators are catching.

RUM, tobacco and tight-lacing are the world's three great fool-killers.

THE misfortunes that we bear with the greatest Christian resignation are those of other people.

THE Bible is God's gospel. A pure and lovely woman is His Eve-angel.

THE human soul, like the autumn leaves, should brighten at the approach of Death.

AN eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

BATTLES painted by artists are invariably drawn battles.

"I CAN forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying I will not forgive.

ANY feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

THE first law of true morality is, *educate yourself*, and the second, *influence others by what you are*.

IT is as great a point, and requires quite as much effort, to hide ignorance as to display knowledge.

THOSE who dare at first to think for themselves, will in the end make others think with them.

PERFECT happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

MOTHERS! mourn not that your gems fall away when God is making up his jewels.

THOSE who fish for compliments, generally get a *bite*.

WHAT man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.

FORGIVE yourself everything, and others will forgive you nothing.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A FARMER in California, who was riding home from the village, where he had been to mail a letter, thought he would make a short cut through a wood crossed by a bridle path. He had not ridden far into the forest, when he was startled by a crash and a growl, and looking around he saw a huge grizzly bear charging upon him. His horse being a slow one, he leaped from it and took to a tree, from his secure perch in which he saw the bear catch and devour his poor beast, after which the monster disappeared, and the farmer, descending from the tree, executed a bit of pedestrianism towards home which it would be difficult for anybody to excel.

A GIRL attempted to leap into the Delaware river at Philadelphia, one night not long since, but being discovered by the police, her intention was frustrated; whereupon she besought them, with tears, not to condemn her to a longer life, as she could not "endure to live." They of course denied her prayer, and the next morning she was kindly treated, her wants relieved, and then she was discharged in a more contented frame of mind.

IN a bar-room in Hartford, one night not long since, a drunken rowdy, who was making a disturbance, was requested to leave, and as he refused to do so, an attempt was made to put him out; he fought against the ejectment, and was finally fired at, and wounded so severely in both arms, that it was supposed they would have to be amputated.

A COUPLE of women in Avenue B got into a quarrel one evening recently, and one of them at last seized the tea-kettle which was singing on the stove, and poured a portion of its contents on to the head and face of her sharp-tongued opponent, scalding her dreadfully. The injured woman was taken to the Hospital, and her inhuman antagonist was taken to the Station-House.

A PARTY of rowdies recently got into a fight in South street, about two o'clock in the morning, and one of them getting his antagonist down, seized a large stone, and beat his face to a jelly, but while still engaged in his brutal work, a comrade of his victim struck the ruffian on the head with a club, and injured him so severely that his recovery is doubtful.

A CLERGYMAN, lately from Glasgow, Scotland, who did not come down to breakfast one morning recently, was found by his daughter, who went to call him, on his knees, with his hands clasped as if in prayer; and on touching him, after having spoken to him without receiving a reply, she discovered that he was dead.

A NUMBER of mischievous boys in Newark, one day recently, tormented a flagman on the railroad until he became beside himself with rage; and drawing a pistol, he fired among the crowd and wounded one of the boys seriously in the leg.

THE members of a fire company in Rochester were recently thrown into a state of great excitement by the poisoning of a valuable dog which "ran with their engine," and never failed to arouse them on the first tap of the alarm-bell.

A STATISTICIAN reports that eighty-three persons committed suicide in Massachusetts last year, only fifteen of whom were women. He also says that in all countries the suicides among men are four times as numerous as among women.

A MAN was arrested in Lawrenceville, Pa., one day recently, for making an infernal machine for the purpose of blowing up a family with which he was at enmity, and on his being arraigned he confessed the crime.

AN ex-clergyman not long since got into a row near Adamsville, Florida, killed two men, wounded two others, was arrested and hung the next day on a tree by the roadside.

As a man was crossing the Hudson river, on the ice, to Albany, one night not long since, a shawl was suddenly thrown over his head, after which he was thrown down and robbed, and left to make the best of it.

A PRISONER in the jail of Courtland, N. Y., lately attempted to "break jail" by taking a dose of strychnine; but the jailer discovering his ruse, administered an antidote and retained his prisoner.

A CHILD died in Hartford recently from eating the phosphorous on the ends of matches.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THOSE LONG OVERCOATS.

Where did they come from? Who invented them? From the council-chamber of what autocrat issued the decree, Let the overcoats of mankind be worn to the heels? And under the influence of what spell do considerable numbers of young men consent to disfigure themselves by obeying the mandate?

To most people fashion is an inscrutable mystery. They wonder at its vagaries, they comply with its behests, not knowing whence they come, nor why they come. All at once, coats appear in the streets that rival in length the dresses of the ladies that sweep the ground. All at once, garments of every description are observed to lengthen, or shorten, or tighten, or expand. The tailors are all in the secret. The most steady going gentleman who chances to order a coat at these periods of change, expecting that his new coat will not violently differ from those to which he is accustomed, discovers upon trying on the new acquisition, that he is no longer the man he was, and regards the transformation with dismay and horror. He remonstrates. He is told that all coats are now made so, and he generally submits, and retires with his coat-tail between his legs.

Perchance he is bold enough to hint to the tailor-tyrant that a coat ought to be designed to please the wearer. The tailor replies: "But, my dear sir, consider *my* reputation; what would be thought of *me*, if I permitted an unfashionable garment to issue from my establishment?" This is a settler. What man so unfeeling as to desire a fellow-citizen to bring disgrace upon an honorable House, merely that he might have a coat that he liked?

The learned account for these startling changes of fashion in the manner following: Mankind, with regard to costume, may be divided into two classes: first, those who wish to dress as other people do; these follow the fashion. Second, those who are resolved not to dress as other people do; these set the fashion. The first class comprises nine-tenths of all who wear clothes; the second class are the rich and dainty few, whose highest flight of ambition is to differ in as many particulars as possible from the rest of the human race.

Well, the head tailor of this latter class, at Paris, London or New York, invents a new coat. It may be elegant and comfortable; it may be ugly and inconvenient; it is no matter, so that the coat be conspicuously *different* from the coats then prevalent. The exquisites adopt the garment at once. The fashion-plates take it up. The tailors declare it "the fashion," and proceed to make all their coats after the new pattern. It is their interest to do this, since it tempts a large number of weak-minded persons to throw aside their old coats before they are half worn out, and the more startlingly the new coat differs from the old ones, the more powerful is this temptation. If you add two feet to a coat tail, and call that the fashion, it makes the previous brevity look bob-tailed and ridiculous.

It is also to be observed of these sudden and extreme changes, that they are apt to be introduced just after the majority of people have bought new clothes of the old fashion. The advantages of this manœuvre are numerous. It gives the peculiarity a longer reign *as* a peculiarity; it gives the tailors a chance to dispose of the old stock, and lures many a young fool to invest a portion of his quarter's salary in the new pattern, and get two coats during the season instead of one.

In a few months, the new fashion having become universal, it is, for that reason only, abhorred by the select few who started it. At the right moment the long tails are clipped; shortness is carried to a preposterous extreme, and care is taken to make the new coats of such a style that the long-tails cannot be cut down into the new fashion, as a ship-of-the-line is cut down into a frigate. Oh, by no means! You must have a new coat, or look like a grandfather.

If the learned have hit upon the right explanation of these mysterious vagaries, we must conclude that fashion is little more than a conspiracy between the dandies and the tailors, the object of which is to induce the weaker portion of mankind to buy new clothes before the old ones are worn out.

AMERICAN CROWDS.

A great crowd—a sea of men surging and swaying as if moved, like the veritable ocean, by controlling forces independent of itself, is at once a grand and a humiliating spectacle. It impresses the spectator with a grand idea of the power of man in the aggregate, but is somewhat humbling to individual vanity. In all the vast concourse before him he cannot identify a single face—he cannot even separate one face from another; it is an "undistinguishable throng." But the multitude has assembled, perhaps, to see and hear some popular idol, and that fact is balsam to the wounded egotism of the looker-on. Man, the individual, is potent after all, since the *many* in whose closely packed ranks identity is swallowed up, are there to do honor to the *one*. And when the human sea roars, and a spray of waving arms dashes up from its heaving surface, as the public favorite makes his appearance, the personal consequence of manhood, so wofully belittled in the mass, seems to be vindicated and re-asserted.

There is a vast difference in crowds. In London a gathering of thirty or forty thousand people is little better than a mob. English crowds are selfish, and sometimes savage and brutal. No human item in the sum total seems to care a jot for anybody's accommodation but his own. Gross profanity and foul ribaldry are the staples of the many-headed monster's conversation. It is not so here. Our human swarms are courteous, patient, jocular. They buzz, but they don't sting. They are even gallant and chivalric. A case in point occurs to us. On the evening when fifteen thousand dollars' worth of our City Hall was burnt in glorification of the Atlantic Cable, the largest concourse we have ever beheld in the Park assembled there to see the fireworks. In the midst of the dense throng was a woman with a baby in her arms. There are some women who appear to consider it a duty to take their helpless infants into crowds where it seems as if nothing short of a direct interposition of Providence could save them from being killed. This person belonged to that enterprising class. When the immense assemblage began to break up, the woman was carried off her feet, and she and her charge were in imminent peril of being crushed down and trampled to death. At this juncture, some fifteen or twenty "roughs" in her immediate vicinity, moved by a common impulse, set their backs against the pressure that threatened her with destruction, and actually succeeded in clearing a space of four or five feet square, in the centre of which they kept her until the multitude surged out of the Park into Broadway, and mother and child were safe. We have seen many other equally creditable instances of the chivalry of New York crowds, and so, we presume, have many of our readers.

In the year 1840, the era of log cabins, hard cider, and political minstrelsy, mass conventions, from ten thousand to sixty thousand strong, were frequently held. On one occasion, over fifty thousand of the stalwart yeomanry of the Empire State met in convention on a common near Syracuse. They were addressed by several distinguished speakers. During the proceedings, such a storm as is rarely seen in these latitudes suddenly burst from the heavens. The rain came rushing downward in solid sheets. It was a deluge. But not a man left his place. The orator who was speaking at the time continued his remarks as calmly as if the sun had been shining, although water poured from him in streams, as from the spouting of a building. Any other than an American crowd would have been dispersed by such a storm. An army has been beaten back by a tempest not a whit more violent. But American *grit* and jollity made light of it.

The good humor, the patience, the politeness of our great aggregations of humanity, are due to the fact that they are made up of intelligent beings—men who respect themselves and each other—sovereigns who feel that the character of the nation for decency and dignity is in their individual keeping.

CITY CHANGES.

Broadway, as a place of agreeable promenade, is no more. On fine afternoons, it is as crowded as the aisle of a church when the congregation is going out. The wholesale men have advanced up the street, with their marble palaces, until they have robbed the promenading public of half the street, and still they build, and build, and put cards in their windows intimating to passers by that no goods are sold at retail. Forty years ago, the most fashionable piece of pavement in the city was that which lay between Trinity church and the Battery, and the Battery itself was thronged with nurses and children, and balloons used to go up from Castle Garden. When the Astor House was built, the ladies extended their afternoon walk a mile up town. In these days, few mere fashionable strollers, male or female, ever get below Canal street, and, doubtless, there are large numbers of exquisites to whom all the region of Down Town is as unknown as the streets of a foreign city. Canal street itself is becoming too remote for them. This tendency of the wholesale business to move higher up the island will unquestionably continue, until Union Square is its centre, and Broadway shall be wholly abandoned to it. Then, the Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth street to the Central Park, will be the grand shopping promenade of the city.

It may seem a pity, that all those Fifth Avenue palaces should have their fronts knocked out, their parlors dismantled, their basements torn up by the roots, and stores inserted in the cavities; but this change is not to be avoided, nor long deferred. We shall see it begun in a few years, and finished in ten. Indeed, a beginning has already been made. There never was any good reason for crowding all the business of this city into one end, and that end the narrowest, of Manhattan Island. It would not be surprising if Wall street itself should migrate a mile or two up town.

THE BRIGHT SPRING DAYS.

The warm spring days that bring out the green grass blades in the city gardens and parks, and fill Broadway with gaily decked ladies and delicately kidded dandies, entice out, too, from their attics and under-ground homes, the barefooted, ragged, frowsy children, who have been hived in these holes during the winter, Providence only knows how. To us this mingling of luxury and the extreme of poverty, when the soft, blue sky overhead, the bursting buds, the twitter of early birds, are all speaking of hope and joy, only, as it would seem, to *mock* these poor children of want, is peculiarly affecting. Not long since we saw a beautiful woman, radiant in shining silks and glistening bracelets, glide gracefully past. A little girl in fluttering rags, bare-headed, bare-footed, was sitting on the curb-stone, with her chin in her little soiled palms, looking about her. Presently she jumped to her feet, ran after the lady, and, laying her little soiled finger on the shining silk, said, with the most good-humored philosophy, "I want to touch it, it is so pretty!" The lady smiled, and waited till the child's curiosity was satisfied, and she returned, well-pleased, to her seat on the curb-stone. Heaven grant, we thought, as the baptism of womanhood comes upon her, that she may look as unenvyingly and as guilelessly as now, upon those shining gauds, for which so many have bartered body and soul.

PERJURY IN PATENT CAUSES.

The Commissioner of Patents, and all Judges before whom patent cases come, ought to be particularly guarded against perjured testimony. We are satisfied that this most odious crime is of particularly frequent occurrence in connection with such cases. Many an honest mechanic is cheated out of a valuable invention by the false swearing of some witness who testifies recklessly to what he knows nothing about, merely because it is what he is interested to have established; or, frequently, to that which he knows to be false. And men of respectable standing in the community, and of reputed wealth, can be found who will stretch some point, either in regard to the time when they first saw a machine, or to something about the construction of the machine which carries the whole case. This is downright perjury, but is not universally felt and understood to constitute that crime. As we have already remarked, such testimony should be very closely scrutinized.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH OPENING THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

The fourth of February was devoted to the opening of the French parliamentary session, by the Emperor in person, at the Palace of the Louvre—one of the most imposing spectacles that can be witnessed in this grand metropolis.

There was much difficulty in obtaining cards of invitation. At least one hundred applications were sent in for every card that could be issued. Through the courtesy of the American Minister, we were favored with two, and were enabled to be present upon an occasion of singular interest and grandeur. Each card designates in what portion of the hall of ceremonies the possessor is invited to sit.

The Emperor's inaugural address was to be delivered at *one*, but the doors of the palace were open at *eleven*. Half an hour before that time, a long file of elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen stretched from the different entrances. This file lengthened every moment, but the officers in attendance, without making any distinction in favor of rank, politely insisted upon each couple taking position according to the order of their arrival. It was amusing to hear the lively conversation carried on between strangers, who chatted with the same ease and cordiality customary in a ball room, where French etiquette renders an introduction superfluous.

A long line of cavalry extended through the whole *cour*, and along that portion of the streets adjoining the palace, through which carriages, containing the persons permitted to be present at the ceremony, were compelled to approach—no other carriages were allowed to pass that way.

We had taken up our station early, and were among the first admitted. After traversing several spacious halls, lined with soldiers, and ascending a broad stone stair, we reached the *Salle des Etats*, and were conducted to our seats, or rather, were allowed to choose them within a certain portion of the hall designated by our cards.

Near the centre of the hall, on the right of the throne, were places reserved for the members of the Senate; on the left for the Legislative Body. Places for members of the Imperial family were closer to the throne. The great officers of State, Cardinals, Admirals, Marshals, Members of the Privy Council, Members of the Council of State, etc., etc., had places between them and the Senators. Beyond the Senators and Legislative Body, were the seats of other dignitaries of various ranks. The portion of the gallery above, on the right, nearest to the throne, was allotted to the ladies connected with the Royal family or Royal household, etc., etc. The portion nearest to the throne on the left was devoted to the ladies of the families of Foreign Ministers. Both sides of the gallery beyond were occupied by ladies who had cards of invitation. Beneath the gallery, the two first rows of seats were set apart for ladies, and the row behind, near the wall, for gentlemen. The tribune of the Empress was on the left of the throne; our seats chanced to be on this side, in the front row, close to the tribune, which, projecting forward, and being open, gave us an admirable view of her Majesty as well as of the Emperor.

The hall was draped with crimson velvet hangings, trimmed with gold. The seats were covered with the same rich material. The ceiling was beautifully painted, in fresco, with symbolical devices. From the pillars on either side of the estrade hung crowns of gold and other emblematical ornaments. The throne-chair of the Emperor (crimson velvet with the arms of France embroidered in gold) stood in the centre of the estrade; on its right a less regal chair was placed for Prince Napoleon, cousin to the Emperor and successor to the throne, next in rank after the young Prince Imperial.

The two hours which preceded the entrance of the Emperor were most agreeably occupied in watching the gradual filling of the hall. Persons of distinction were pointed out to us through the courtesy of those near whom we were seated. The different styles and hues of apparel marked different orders and classes. It would occupy too much space to attempt to describe the dazzlingly superb costumes of the Princes, Courtiers, Ministers, Senators, etc., etc. Among the most striking were suits of blue, violet, crimson and black velvet, elaborately embroidered in gold. The Archbishops of Paris and of Lyons, who are Cardinals, wore long, red robes, with red skull caps on their heads, and each carried in his hand the fantastic-looking, broad, red hat of a Cardinal. The Archbishop of Bordeaux wore a violet robe, the Priests, black robes; the Judges, red robes; Generals and officers, full military attire; the Representatives of Foreign Courts, the costume of their country.

I chanced to remark upon the number of decorations which many, even of the most simply attired, wore upon their coats. A French lady near turned to me and said: "You have no decorations in America; how then do you reward a brave general, or a gallant officer, or soldier, for some noble act?"

"In America every man is expected, as a matter of course, to do the utmost he can in the discharge of duty, and he feels that the utmost he can do is *but his duty*, and does not look for any distinguishing mark of his services," was the reply.

"That's very well if people *would* perform their duty, without the stimulus of some expected distinction," she rejoined, with an intimation which said *that* was not to be expected *in France*.

As we watched the gorgeously apparelled crowd selecting their places, and exchanging most courtier-like civilities, my republic-loving mind, accustomed to associate ideas of unostentatious simplicity with the noblest and best of our own realm, made me wonder that this French nation had ever cherished the delusion that they could form a Republic, while it was so obvious that "pomp and circumstance" were mediums indispensable to its government. Then I was forcibly reminded of the many preparations for magnificent pageants which I had witnessed upon the stage, before the curtain rose. The mock princes and potentates, courtiers and generals, cardinals and priests, had looked so precisely like these, that I could hardly believe we were not "assisting" at a theatrical entertainment of superlative splendor, and that all these sumptuously clad individuals were not engaged to act certain parts. Truly, *so they were*, but the great drama was a reality. I warrant, some of the rôles they filled suited them hardly better than the poor players, who were "made up" for princes.

At five minutes before one, the master of ceremonies announced the Empress. She entered the tribune, leading the little Prince Imperial. She advanced in front of her throne-chair and courtesied profoundly, with exceeding grace, while shouts of "Vive L'Imperatrice!" resounded on every side. There was not the faintest *soupçon* of a smile upon her lips, and her sweet countenance wore the sorrowful, dreamy look which is the dominant expression of her face, as though the shadow of that prophecy of early death, which has so much disturbed her spirit, hung about her still.

Cries of "Vive le Prince Imperial!" followed her greeting. The little Prince probably responded, in his infantile way, but we could not distinguish him at the moment. He is a manly looking child, with fair hair and a handsome face, strongly resembling his mother's. He was simply attired in a black velvet suit. I have before remarked that his costume is always plain and unfantastic.

The Empress was dressed in half mourning, white and black; so were the ladies who ranged themselves in the tribune around her. They were the Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emanual, and wife of Prince Napoleon; the Princess Mathilde, sister of Prince Napoleon and daughter of the late Jerome; the Princesses Lucien and Joachim Murat, and the ladies of honor.

After her majesty was seated, the cannon of the hotel of the "Invalides" first, and the stentorian voice of the master of ceremonies afterwards, announced the approach of the Emperor. Every one rose, as at the entrance of the Empress. The *Cent gardes*, the Emperor's especial body guard, ranged themselves around the back of the throne and down the long aisle leading to the chief entrance of the hall.

The *Cent gardes* are, I believe, the most admired of all the military. Not only are they "picked men," but their attractive persons are displayed to the best advantage by their striking uniform—tunics of blue reaching half way to the knee over white breeches, breastplates of silver, helmets of the same, from which long, white mohair, surmounted by a scarlet tuft, floats like plumes.

The Emperor was preceded by his Equery, the Grand master of Ceremonies, Grand Chamberlain, and Grand master of the palace, and followed by Prince Napoleon, the princes of the Imperial family, etc., etc., etc.

His Majesty wore a General's uniform, which looked very unostentatious when contrasted with the glittering dresses, of all hues and costliest materials, by which he was surrounded. He walked slowly up the aisle, and, after ascending the throne, acknowledged the cheers of his subjects by a bow, accompanied by the set, stereotyped smile, habitual to him, which so strongly resembles the "professional smile" of the weary actor, who knows that he *must* smile to prevent people from divining how weary he is.

When silence was restored, the "oracle of the Tuileries" rose and read the address for which all Europe was waiting with breathless expectation, knowing that his breath would turn the weather-vane of nations towards Peace or War, as he listed. The speech itself was characterized by directness, strength and simplicity. The Emperor's voice was clear and audible, yet somewhat hard, as though it had been trained to distinctness, yet lacked all mellowness and richness within itself. His reading was unattended by a single gesture, and yet was peculiarly impressive. Like a good actor, he made a *dead stop* when he came to any *point* which he intended should be taken by his hearers. Then, and then only, he lifted his strange penetrating eyes from the paper and fixed them upon the auditors. Tokens of approval were not given by clapping of the hands, but sometimes by a murmur of approbation, sometimes by shouts of "bravo," "bravo," sometimes by cries of "*bon*," "*bon*."

These points were very frequent throughout the brief speech, and afforded a good opportunity to study the Emperor's countenance; not to *read it*, for it never assumes an expression unawares, by which one can glance into the soul, it baffles the closest scrutiny, and one sees only the changing mask which he puts on for the gazer to behold—nothing more.

When the pacific tendency of the speech developed itself, a general burst of joy broke forth and people seemed to breathe more freely, for war had been *dreaded and expected*. The Emperor's explanations of the reasons which induced him to leave his fleet at Gaeta, awakened great enthusiasm, which was increased by his allusion to the victorious flags of England and France floating together in China.

The delivery of the speech occupied but twenty minutes. At its conclusion, when the Emperor re-seated himself, the Minister of State and the Archbishop of Paris advanced and administered the oath of office to the new Senators and Members of the Legislative Body. Again the cannons roared from the "Invalides," the Emperor and his suite passed down the aisle, amid prolonged cheers, and, when they disappeared, the shouts changed to "Vive L'Imperatrice!" "Vive le Prince Imperial!" Her Majesty courtseyed several times and retired into the palace of the Tuileries, which adjoins the Louvre. The crowd slowly dispersed, occupied in commenting upon what they had heard, speculating on the Emperor's meaning, and all eager to purchase and scan the important speech, which was for sale the moment the last cannon fired.

Paris, February 7th, 1861.

A TEMPTATION TO DISHONESTY.

Executive clemency, by its frequency, has been a temptation to dishonesty. Who will fear to be a culprit when a legal sentence is the argument of pity, and the prelude of pardon? What can the community expect but growing dishonesty, when juries connive at acquittals, and judges condemn only to petition a pardon; when the Executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the fences of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded to their work of vengeance, or unjust mercy?

A sickly sentimentality too often enervates the administration of justice; and the pardoning power becomes the master-key to let out unwashed, unrepentant criminals. They have fleeced us, robbed us, and are ulcerous sores to the body politic; yet our heart turns to water over their merited punishment. A "fine young fellow," by accident, writes another's name for his own; by a mistake equally unfortunate he presents it at the bank; innocently draws out the large amount; generously spends a part, and absent-mindedly hides the rest. Hard-hearted wretches there are who would punish him for this! Young men, admiring the neatness of the affair, pity his misfortune, and curse a stupid jury that knew no better than to send to a penitentiary him whose skill deserved a cashiership. He goes to his cell the pity of a whole metropolis. Bulletins from Sing Sing inform us daily what he is doing, as if he were Napoleon at St. Helena. At length pardoned, he will go forth again to a renowned liberty!

If there be one way quicker than another by which the Executive shall assist crime, and our laws foster it, it is that course which assures every dishonest man that it is easy to defraud, easy to avoid arrest, easy to escape punishment, and easiest of all to obtain a pardon.

WORK VS. PLAY.

"Why don't that lazy fellow go to work, I wonder?" said a gentleman to a companion.

The "lazy fellow" alluded to was an Italian, staggering before them under the weight of an immense hand-organ.

"Go to work!" exclaimed the party addressed; "well, I should think that what he does might be reasonably termed the hardest kind of work."

"No, sir," responded the first speaker; "it is decidedly all *play*."

WHY SHOULD HE?

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family, and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, passes me. That it is done every day, does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen, or seventeen, or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair, and washing her face for——*him!* It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all. What if you *were* married yourself? that is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean upon her, and be proud of her; or at least, it stands to reason, that after you have worried her through the measles, and chicken-pox, and scarlet-fever, and whooping-cough, and had her properly baptised and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

He seems to be of a different opinion; *he* not only insists upon taking her, but upon taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to *him*, not the least in the world except *that*. When the world is full of girls, why couldn't he have fixed his eye on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to be rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blueberries; why need it be *this* particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one? You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came for *you*. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a—"well if I must, I must," you just order her wedding-clothes, muttering to yourself the while,—"dear—dear—what sort of a fist *will* that child make at the head of a house; how will she *ever* know what to do in this, that, or the other emergency; she who is calling on "mother"—fifty times a day—to settle every trifling question. What folly for her to set up house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding-clothes; and yet that daughter has met life, and its unexpected reverses, with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips, that alas! may be dust, when this baptism of womanhood comes upon her.

Fanny Fern.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."

It is hardly worth while to catch whales. In Ohio, in various parts of Pennsylvania, and at some points in this State, it is only necessary to sink a shaft from eighty to one hundred feet deep, to put an illimitable quantity of mineral oil on tap. This spontaneous product can be delivered in a purified condition at the works at about sixty cents a gallon, and is therefore one-third cheaper than any other equally pure oil in use. It is said to be an incomparable medicinal lubricant—so that "parmaceti" is no longer "the sovereign'st thing in the world" for bruises and sprains. As a means of lessening the friction of machinery, it so far surpasses every other kind of grease, that there is some talk of applying it to "the wheels of government," while it is so nearly odorless as not to be in the slightest degree offensive to what Mrs. Partington would call the "oilfactory organs."

Under these circumstances it is folly to run up and down the longitude between Cape Horn and Behring's Straits, or to penetrate the Arctic circle, in search of leviathan. The game is not worth the candle. Take away your whale—States may be lit without it. New Bedford's "occupation's gone," and even the great seaport of Poughkeepsie in this State, which kept a whaleship for the private amusement of certain of its prominent citizens, some twenty odd years ago, and did not find its whales "*right* whales," may as well give up all hopes of a cetaceous revival. With coal gas and water gas, "burning fluids" innumerable, the pig oil of Porkopolis, and subterranean oil veins underrunning the upper crust of portions of at least three States, we can afford to let the great fishes alone, or rather we cannot make it pay to hunt them. Even supposing the whales came to us of their own accord, they would be hardly worth cutting up and trying out. It is easier to pump the material out of the earth's oleaginous bowels—*if a sufficient supply is really there*. This is a wonderful world, and there is more in it than people think for. A man, said to be a madman, once proposed to light the city of Naples with gas from the crater of Mount Vesuvius. Perhaps he was not insane after all. Who knows?

A SEVERE LESSON.

A merchant of this city, who had got into "shoal water," and saw inevitable wreck before him, was much exercised as to the disposition of certain valuable real estate and several thousand dollars' worth of bank and insurance stocks. He had become so involved that the proceeds of the sale of this property would not save *him*, and so he devoted his talents to the devising of some means whereby he could save *them*. After much deliberation he concluded to convey the real estate and stocks to one of his clerks, who had solicited his daughter's hand in marriage some months before, and whose suit he had then indignantly refused. His resolution having been taken, he "explained matters" to the astonished clerk, who readily fell in with his employer's plans. The property was soon transferred; the merchant failed—"losing everything but his honor;" and the clerk, having as soon as possible sold the real estate and stocks for what cash he could get, fled to Cuba, leaving the "highminded merchant" to mourn over the "sad lack of integrity which is so apt to be developed in *clerks* whenever an unusual trial or temptation overtakes them." It does not seem as yet to have occurred to this broken-down old man that *his own conduct* in this affair is blameworthy, and indicates that he is a *moral* as well as a pecuniary bankrupt.

Do not Take Offence.—It is our rule invariably to stop sending the Ledger to subscribers at the expiration of the time for which it has been paid. In this way we prevent the accumulation of small debts all over the country, which it would be exceedingly difficult for us to collect; and at the same time relieve subscribers from the annoyance of paying arrearages. We have tested this system, and find it to be the best that can be devised. It gives very general satisfaction; although, we must admit, that occasionally parties find fault with us for stopping the paper abruptly. They seem to think that such a step implies a want of confidence on our part in their honesty or responsibility. This is not so. We merely enforce our rule—rich and poor, responsible and irresponsible, are treated alike. Do not, therefore, take offence, when none is intended. It is quite easy for our readers to calculate when their subscriptions will expire, and save themselves and us trouble by remitting before they run out.

To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

HAND IN HAND.

BY ALICE CARY.

Pleasure and pain walk hand in hand,
Each is the other's poise,
The borders of the silent land
Are full of troubled noise.

While harvests yellow as the day
In plenteous billows roll,
Men go about in blank dismay,
Hungry of heart and soul.

Like chance-sown weeds they grow, and drift
On to the drowning main;
Oh, for a lever that would lift
Thought to a higher plane!

Sin is destructive—he is dead
Whose soul is lost to truth,
While virtue makes the hoary head
Bright with eternal youth.

There is a courage that partakes
Of cowardice—a high
And honest-hearted fear that makes
The man afraid to lie.

When no low thoughts of self intrude
Angels adjust our rights,
And love that seeks its selfish good
Dies in its own delights.

How much we take—how little give,
Yet every life is meant
To help all lives, each man should live
For all men's betterment.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS---REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Hoddel made haste to disrobe the restored patient of his hospital dress, and to array him in the old torn habiliments in which he had been brought to the institution, shedding some very natural tears as she did so, and imprinting a kiss upon the clean, pale cheek of the boy.

Encouraged by this sympathy, Herbert ventured to speak.

"Are you a good woman, Mrs. Hoddel?"

"Ah, no, my son—I am a poor, sinful creature."

Herbert looked alarmed and relapsed into silence. Mrs. Schiffle had told him that *she* was a good woman, but that there were some very bad ones about, and, judging by the nurse's confession, he feared that she must be one of them.

"Is Doctor Weldover a good man?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes—yes—that he is—a very good, kind man, indeed.

Herbert's eyes brightened · and he quickly added, in a half whisper.

"Oh, Mrs. Hoddel, won't you please to ask him to let—to let me stay here?"

The tears ran down the little lad's cheeks, and his voice trembled as he made this bold request, which it had required all his courage to give utterance to.

Expecting that the wicked woman would scowl and scold—he was surprised to see that she too began to cry as she replied:

"Yes, my boy, I will tell him what you say; but he can't let you stay here. He has no right to do that. Here, Dr. Weldover, won't you please to come here?"

The physician, who was still in the room talking to another patient, hastily obeyed the summons; and the weeping nurse as quickly told him of the boy's request.

"Bless me!" said the doctor, "don't you want to go home?"

"Home? oh, yes—oh, yes!" replied the now sobbing child. "I *do* want to go *home!*"

"But your aunt is waiting to take you."

"Not to that home. I don't want to go there; I want to go where Evvy is."

"Who is Evvy?"

"She is my sister."

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know, sir. Oh, don't *you* know?"

The boy asked this question with great earnestness, and the doctor, startled with the suspicions to which his words and manner gave rise, said:

"Here is some mystery, Mrs. Hoddel. The child shall not go until I know more about it."

"Ah, that is spoken like you, my dear sir."

Let the woman come up, and I will question her about it."

Mrs. Schiffle came, nothing daunted, and stoutly asserted her right to the lad. She admitted that she was not his aunt, but alleged that his own uncle had placed him to live with her, and as she quite believed this, she averred it so earnestly and with such a truthful air as quite to stagger the benevolent man. She even appealed very confidently to Herbert himself to say whether "Tom" was not his uncle, and the boy in a great maze looked at her without reply.

With her voice pitched in a high key, she angrily repeated the question, and Herbert, getting a little closer to the doctor, said, stammeringly, that he did not know.

In her half English, she called him an ungrateful little serpent, and promised him something to refresh his memory, when she got him home.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the indignant nurse.

"Oh, you tont pelieve it—ferrey well, den—te plees offishers sal come and get te poy for me. Ich care neet. You knows I prought him here."

"Yes—I know you did."

"I am afraid he will have to go," said the doctor.

The Schiffle seized him, and the pale boy's eyes fell beseechingly upon the nurse, whose matronly instincts were all alive now. She grasped his other hand and said:

"He is not *yours* any way. Let his uncle come for him, and we will talk with him."

"That's it!" cried the doctor, in great glee. "Let *him* come for him, and we'll keep him safe till then. Go along now—go along!"

"To ter tuyful mit you all den, ter tuyfel! dere now!" said the enraged woman, as she went off casting a defiant glance at her escaped prey.

The uncle did not come. Two days passed without his appearance or the return of Mrs. Schiffle, and the delighted doctor, now fully confirmed in his suspicions that Herbert did not belong to them, at once took him to his own home.

So strong was the attachment which he had conceived for the child, that although greatly elated at rescuing him from his sad lot, he was still pained to think it was his duty to make every effort to discover his relations.

Sorrowfully enough he advertised him very extensively, stating all that the boy could tell about himself, which seemed at all likely to afford a clue to his parentage. Not only so, but he gave information at the office of the Chief of Police, where a very surly clerk, after a hasty examination of the books, told him between the puffs of his segar, that there had been no description left there of any such child, and that probably he was from the country or from some other city; or more likely still, that he had been abandoned on purpose. Then the doctor went home and tremblingly awaited the result of his advertisements. One deeply afflicted mother called to see the lost child, and although his heart bled for her, he was in ecstacies when she sobbingly exclaimed that it was not her boy Every ring at his door bell, every letter left by the postman, frightened the good man—until many weeks had passed and Herbert was not claimed.

Then he began to feel safe, and he was inclined to adopt the belief of the grim official at the police office—that dear little Herbert had been for some cause abandoned by unnatural relatives.

The doctor's residence was a little out of town, in a very pleasant rural cottage, and his sister, a maiden of about forty years, whose name was Jerusha, was an excellent, amiable lady, even more fond of children than himself.

Between them Herbert might have stood a fair chance of being quite spoiled, but Miss Jerusha was a woman of good sense and excellent principles, and she almost daily underwent the self-denial of refraining from some over-indulgence to a little pet who had carried her heart by storm, at first sight, and had ever since retained possession of that undefended fortress.

Herbert was happy once more; he did not lack companions, for some of the neighboring cottages swarmed with bright eyed boys and little buds of girls, and the doctor's house and grounds, once so still and dreary, now often rang with their merry gambols, while the good old man looked complacently on, full as happy as they.

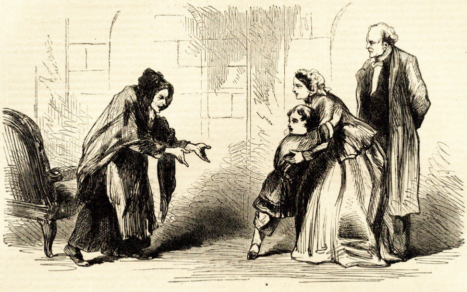
As time passed away, Herbert's recollection of his old home grew more and more indistinct: yet one dear image ever clung to his memory, one sweet face came back to him in visions of the night; and with one loved name upon his lips, he would start from deepest slumbers, stretching out tiny hands to grasp the phantom form which ever flitted away.

Mournfully musical then would be his waking words:

"Oh, I thought that Evvy was here."

CHAPTER XII.

It would be a painful task to depict in detail the misery of the wretched Evelyn, as day after day and week after week passed by without tidings of her little friend.



HERBERT'S "AFFECTIONATE AUNT" CALLS AT THE HOSPITAL FOR HIM.

Fortunately, perhaps, for her, a circumstance occurred about a month after Herbert's loss, which, while adding the utmost poignancy to her grief for the time, resulted in its gradual subsidence into that hopeless calm of resignation with which we mourn the dead.

Bridget, who, notwithstanding her enormous crime, had not fled the city, but who probably tarried with the hope of finding her accomplice and obtaining from him her share of the expected booty, was encountered and recognized in the evening in an obscure street by Mrs. Sitterly's coachman, a man of color, who was returning from a visit to a sable brother.

Jack, with true loyalty to his mistress, whose grief he supposed to be unbounded, at once challenged the woman with her crime, and notwithstanding her strongest asseverations that she was somebody else, and had never known any "Missthress Sitterly at all at all," he followed and clung to her desperately, until a decided row was the result.

But as the Irish element was very strong in Biddy's neighborhood, there was soon such a preponderance of her friends at hand, howling their threats at the "black thafe of a naghur," that Jack's cause grew speedily as dark as himself, and his discomfiture would have been quite certain but for a very extraordinary event. This was nothing less than the opportune arrival of a pair of policemen at the exact place where they were wanted—a circumstance well known to be of most rare occurrence.

By aid of these men Jack, notwithstanding his color, succeeded in obtaining the arrest of the Irish woman, and her detention in custody until he could go to —— Place and bring respectable parties to enter a formal complaint against her.

His tidings of course caused great excitement at the Sitterly mansion, and revived poor Evelyn's hopes only to be the more cruelly dashed.

Mrs. Sitterly dispatched her husband to appear against Bridget, and ensure her detention until morning; but the shrewd woman had concocted a plan of action before his arrival, which saved her from the Toombs.

She no longer denied her identity, but with many tears and "ohones" she begged to be taken at once to her good mistress, for whom she had news of the greatest moment.

Her wishes were complied with, and accompanied by an officer she entered Mr. Sitterly's carriage, and went to his house, wailing all the way that ever she should have "lift the dear ould counthry to see so sad a day."

Her story was quickly told, and was in substance this: She had taken the "dear love of a boy" out to buy him a present, and while they were passing an unfinished building a piece of timber was thrown down from the scaffolding, which had "kilt him intirely."

Horrified at the terrible accident, she had fled and left his mangled body to be taken up by strangers, and although she had at first started to bring the dreadful news to the lad's home, she had not courage to do so. When questioned in relation to the man whom Evelyn had seen with her, she readily owned that she had such a companion, but asserted that it was a peddler of children's hoops, who not having any to suit Herbert had taken them to his shop to give him a better choice. It was on their return without the man, she said, that the catastrophe had occurred, and they had turned so many corners, had gone through parts of so many streets, and she had besides been so nearly frightened to death, that she could not say in what street the accident had happened, more by token that she was nearly a stranger in the city, which she wished she had never set fut in at all.

Mr. Frederick Sitterly appeared decidedly impressed with the truth of this story, and seemed disposed to give it implicit credence. Poor Evelyn's statement that the man she had seen with Bridget had several hoops in his hand, gave it no small confirmation, and as no probable motive existed for the boy's abduction, it was not perhaps surprising that the step-father's willing credulity was shared by his wife, and more reluctantly, but unavoidably at last, by his daughter.

Some inquiries were instituted with a view to obtain information from other sources and also to learn the final resting place of the slain child. But Bridget's topographical ideas seemed to be exceedingly confused, and as near as could be gathered from her account, there were at least eight or ten streets, in either of which the calamity might have occurred. She said she had never returned to the scene of the disaster, and she could not tell where or at whose hands the child had received the rites of sepulture.

Mr. Sitterly, who made the inquiries, learned that in most of the streets indicated by the woman, new buildings had lately been erected, and although no one could tell him positiveiy of any such accident having occurred, many people thought they remembered to have heard something about it. They were not indeed quite sure whether the victim was a man, a boy or a woman, or whether the person was "killed entirely" or only very badly hurt.

But rumors sufficient were gleaned to strengthen Bridget's uncontradicted story, especially as the collater of them was not disposed to be over critical.

The Irishwoman, to her great surprise, not only escaped all punishment beyond a formal rebuke, but she soon became magnified into a person of some consideration.

Her testimony was required to establish the child's death, in order to enable the mother to succeed to the great estate as its now sole and undisputed proprietor.

She proved a ready and willing witness, and there were none to question or sift her testimony—none probably who seriously doubted its truth.

The family went into full mourning, and Evelyn, whose grief could have been but faintly adumbrated by any outward emblems of it, still found a melancholy satisfaction in this tribute to the memory of her loved and lost Herbert.

She had one friend, besides Him into whose ear her daily supplications were poured, to whom she could go with an assurance of the fullest sympathy with her sorrows, and that was Aunt Ally.

Mrs. Binney had disappeared from her accustomed seat in the park, and for several weeks after Herbert's abduction her little shop had been closed, and Evelyn could gain no clue to her retreat. When she reappeared there, she was so pale and haggard that Miss Sitterly, who went often to seek her, was startled and pained at the sight of such evident wretchedness.

She had been very ill, she said, but she gave no information of the nature or duration of her sickness—nor did she ever encourage Evelyn to make inquiries as to the place of her abode. It was certainly not at her shop, where only the unhappy girl met her, and where the two friends, so dissimilar in all other respects, indulged their common grief.

CHAPTER XIII.

The loss of an only child had not essentially softened the heart of the great lady, who, from being a prospective pensioner upon the bounty of her son, had now become sole proprietress of an estate of more than a million of dollars. Her dislike of Evelyn had been increased rather than diminished by the change, and especially had she been incensed at the girl's assuming, as she alleged, to be the chief mourner over a calamity which, of course, she could not feel like a mother.

The subjugated Frederick, subjugated by golden chains, if not by those of affection, saw everything in precisely the same light in which it appeared to his wife, and he still harped upon the follies and indiscretions of his "naughty little girl," who, judging by his language, daily grew younger in his estimation.

Mr. Lynde had called frequently at Mr. Sitterly's residence to inquire if any tidings had been received of the lost child, and he manifested the deepest solicitude on the subject. And, although since intelligence of Herbert's death had been received, there was no longer a pretext for these visits, he still greatly longed to see Evelyn, who he knew must be in the deepest affliction.

Seth did not know exactly what he could do to alleviate the young lady's misery; but he remembered her exceeding distress on the day of that dreadful disaster, and he longed now as then to do something towards soothing it.

He had recently completed a course of legal study, and he was soon to go abroad for an absence of about eighteen months, before beginning his professional career. The nearer the time for his departure approached, the stronger grew his desire to see Evelyn once more. And "what then?" was the question which he put to himself. Was he really in love with this girl of fourteen? He began to be afraid that he was, and that he was very unwise to think of such a matter. But the more he resisted the impulse to think of Evelyn, the more powerful it became, until he was compelled to acknowledge to himself, though he scarcely dared to do so (even in the privacy of his own room), that he was in love quite beyond his depth, and past all hope of retrieval.

He was determined she should know it, too. Not with any decided hope that she would reciprocate his tender sentiment, for Seth was as modest as he was generous, but he wished her to have the satisfaction of knowing that she had made a genuine conquest.

Seth had no pride to be wounded by a refusal; he thought he would rather be refused by Evelyn than accepted by any one else; and, altogether, he was very fast working himself into that refined kind of phrensy which usually marks the first advent of the tender passion in an ingenuous and unselfish heart.

He knew nothing of the history of the Sitterly family; he only knew that they had the reputation of great wealth; and he supposed Evelyn to be a prospective heiress. He certainly heartily wished that she were not, for this he opined would be the stumbling block in his way.

His father, though justly styled distinguished by Mr. Sitterly, did not owe any part of his eminence to wealth. He was an artist, distinguished by his talents, and he had won some laurels which bade fair to be ever green; but he was a man of moderate means.

The fashionable Frederick knew this very well, and he had no desire to allow any intimacy to spring up between Seth and Evelyn. He cared little for his daughter, but he was anxious to have her married to a rich man, in order that she might not bring disgrace upon himself, for in his eyes disgrace of a very decided kind attached to living a hair's breadth outside or inside of certain fashionable requirements or restrictions.

Sitterly had literally no property of his own, and he was very sure that his wife would bestow no dowry upon a step-daughter with whom she was so often at variance, and her repugnance to whom she never attempted to conceal.

It was perhaps fortunate for Seth, therefore, when he called a few days before sailing for Liverpool to see his fair friend, that her provident father was not at home, else he would most likely have failed of even a parting interview with Evelyn. Not that he sought to evade parental vigilance, or to make a clandestine engagement; he would by no means have done so dishonorable a thing. Mr. Sitterly was aware of his occasional visits at the house, and Seth fully designed, if he received any encouragement from Evelyn, that he would at once communicate his wishes to her father.

Mrs. Sitterly was too indifferent to the young lady's interests to trouble herself about the visitors which the latter might receive, and Mr. Lynde consequently had a very clear field.

He saw Miss Sitterly, and he was sure he was going to say or do something very decided in relation to the subject uppermost in his thoughts, but, as he had used no premeditation, he found, like many another lover, that this was not quite the easiest thing in the world.

Here was a young girl who, perhaps, had never thought of matrimony or beaux; and who probably would be startled by any hint of either, into running quite away from him. Yet Evelyn was so very tall for her years, and she had been schooled by her griefs into such a quiet dignity of manner; she was withal so very graceful and lady-like, that he fell constantly into the illusion of considering her fully as old as himself.

Rather older, indeed, Seth thought her on that momentous evening, for he began to feel very young, so much so as to almost hope that his charmer might compassionate his tender years, and herself take the initiative in any heart developments which were to be made.

They talked a little of the recent family affliction; but this sad subject the lover hastened to dismiss for more pleasant themes, and when many topics had been started and exhausted, Mr. Lynde somewhat abruptly said:

"I am about leaving home for foreign travel, and I really could not go, Miss Sitterly, (I fear you will think me very presuming,) but I really could not go without calling to acquaint you with the emotions with which you have inspired me."

Evelyn started like one greatly surprised, and blushed to a most painful degree; but she did not reply, while Seth, scarcely less embarrasssed, continued:

"I really have not dared to flatter myself that I could secure an interest in your heart, but I was none the less resolved that you should know the sentiments of mine."

The young lady's face had changed from red to white; she looked steadily at the carpet, and seemed intent on restraining herself from a violent trembling, of which the partial manifestations were very visible. Seth thought the signs discouraging, (he was not a ready expounder of signs,) but he resolved to tell his story through.

"I love you, Miss Sitterly, with my whole heart; I shall bear with me, wherever I go, the memory of your goodness and your charms; and if you could let me take also any, even the very least, hope that I may at some future day meet with a return of my love for you, my happiness will be complete."

Twice, thrice poor Evelyn tried to raise her eyes to meet those which she felt were fixed upon her face; thrice she essayed to speak, but there was neither voice nor motion.

Seth thought the symptoms grew decidedly worse, and he began to imagine that he had been most egregiously silly in entertaining any hope of success.

"Speak to me, dear Evelyn," he said, "and do not be offended that I dare to address you thus. I ask but little to cheer me on my long way—a little hope of a future interest in your affection, if I have none to-day."

Still Evelyn did not speak or look up; but when the alarmed lover, resolving to be answered, although he feared he was but precipitating the catastrophe which he dreaded most, ventured to seize one little, soft, white, trembling hand which rested upon the arm of her chair, *it was not withdrawn from his grasp.* When, growing bolder, he pressed it to his lips, still it remained a quiet prisoner to his own.

Ah, ye deluded votaries of Wealth and Power and Fame, what rewards have the deities which ye worship to bestow, compared with the bliss which at that moment filled to overflowing the heart of Seth Lynde?

But Evelyn found her voice at last, and withdrawing her hand, she said, as she looked up smiling and blushing, yet in tears:

"I fear that I have no right to permit this, Mr. Lynde, or to—to listen to such language as you have addressed to me."

"Fear nothing, dear Evelyn," was the quick reply. "I ask no pledges from you now; I will ask none until I have consulted those who have the right to counsel and direct you. I only ask your permission to apply to them."

"You have that privilege without my consent," was the evasive reply.

"But I may tell them——?"

"What, Mr. Lynde?" asked Evelyn, somewhat archly, for she was fast recovering her equanimity.

"I may tell them that you—that you love me, Evelyn?"

"Tell them anything you like, Mr. Lynde," said Evelyn, smiling very bewitchingly; "I shall not contradict you."

There was another tide of rapture rolling over Seth's heart, and he was boldly contemplating a raid upon the lips which discoursed such music to his soul, when the parlor door opened, and Mr. Frederick Sitterly entered the room.

If the lovers had not been in such proximity to each other as to indicate a very confidential interview, there was something of embarrassment in the appearance of each, which could not well be misinterpreted. Not, certainly, a look which betokened a sense of wrong-doing, for neither of them entertained any such consciousness.

Evelyn believed that her lover's proposition would be acceptable to her father, as it would result, in a few years, in relieving him of a daughter for whom he had no excess of affection, yet for whose future he must naturally feel some degree of responsibility.

As to the young man, so sanguine were his hopes of the speedy eminence he was to achieve in the profession he had chosen, that he did not propose to ask any paternal consent which was not to be contingent upon his most triumphant *début* in business. With Evelyn for the prize which his exertions were to win, he was quite sure he could accomplish anything within the reach of mortal powers.

But this pair of amiable though somewhat verdant lovers were equally mistaken in the man, or rather the shadow of a man, with whom they had to deal.

Sitterly scarcely restrained a rude demonstration of the wrath which filled his little mind at what he saw and what he surmised.

Mr. Lynde perceived the signs of displeasure, and was the first to speak.

"You have come opportunely, Mr. Sitterly," said he, smiling; "to-morrow I should have sought you to speak of a matter of deep interest to myself——"

"I think I can conjecture its nature, young man, and I will spare you all explanations. There is nothing in which you and my daughter can have a common interest. She is but a child."

"She will be older when I return from Europe, whither I am about to proceed."

"I am happy to hear, sir, that you are to have that pleasure," returned Sitterly, with frigid politeness. "I hope she *will be* many years older when you return."

Seth winced under this hit, and resumed:

"I ask only, sir——"

"Ask nothing, sir—nothing that relates to my daughter. Evelyn, please to go to your room."

Stunned by this cruel treatment from her father, which so quickly crushed the one germ of bliss in her desolate heart, Evelyn rose to comply, but she stopped midway of the room, and with a voice choked by emotion, said:

"I obey you, father, but do not be angry at Mr. Lynde, nor misjudge his conduct. He has surprised me this evening, as well as you, by an unexpected disclosure of sentiments which I am sure I know not how I have deserved or awakened. He has asked no promises from me which were not contingent upon your approval, and he has obtained none."

"You have both done better, then, than I suspected," replied the father, a little mollified. "Here let this foolish matter be dropped; you are too young to have any correct judgment in such matters, and Mr. Lynde is old enough not to seek to take advantage of your youth."

"I bid you farewell, then, Mr. Lynde," said Evelyn, extending her hand to him. "You have my father's answer, which must be mine. My *sentiments* cannot change."

"Nonsense, girl. Go along," replied Sitterly, angrily. "Your sentiments will change a dozen times before you arrive at years of discretion."

"*Nor mine!*" was the brief, emphatic reply of Lynde, as the "child" left the room, giving him one last, tearful look.

"Your pretensions, then, I may presume, are to be kept up," resumed the angry man, addressing Seth.

"I pretend to nothing, sir, excepting to an inextinguishable love for your daughter, which I hope may some day receive your sanction."

Seth was filled with glowing visions of the great things he would accomplish to ensure the fulfillment of this prediction, but the incensed father replied:

"It never will receive my sanction; set your mind quite at rest on that point. You may be under the impression, sir, that my daughter has large pecuniary expectations. Let me assure you that she has none."

A flush of indignition reddened the young man's cheek.

"She has no fortune," continued Sitterly, "and no remote prospect of one."

"I thank Heaven for that," replied Lynde. "She will be less an object of pursuit for others, but none the less for me."

"She will be none the less beyond your reach. And now, sir, I have other engagements——".

"I will go, sir, and not without the hope that you will live to regret your present harshness, and to make amends for it."

"If I live till then," replied the other, throwing open the parlor door for Seth's exit, and laughing sarcastically, "I think Methusaleh will cease thereafter to be recorded as the oldest of men. Good night, sir."

"Farewell."

CHAPTER XIV.

Seth Lynde left the country without again seeing Evelyn, though not without addressing her a parting letter.

In this he reiterated the tale of his unfaltering affection, and expressed his firm belief that milder counsels would yet sway her father's breast. He indulged in no acrimony against Mr. Sitterly, nor did he advise Evelyn to any disloyalty to her father, or seek to gain from her any promises in contravention of his commands.

Young as she was, he knew the time was not very distant when she would have the right, both legally and morally, to control her own movements, and then, if her love for him continued, he could properly ask her to disregard unreasonable and unjust restraints.

He did suggest a correspondence of a merely friendly character, which might be at all times open to parental inspection. He thought that possibly Miss Sitterly might have influence enough with her father to procure this privilege; but she knew the utter hopelessness of the attempt, and did not make it.

She replied to his note to tell him this; to tell him that she could neither receive nor answer any other communication, and that she would obey her father, though she believed him unjust. At the same time she said she would not disavow the sentiments towards Mr. Lynde which she had already virtually confessed, and which, as they had not been of sudden growth, she believed no time could eradicate.

With this precious assurance engraved upon his memory, Seth went on his far journey by no means miserable or hopeless. He was not at all a lachrymose youth. Hope was dominant in his breast, and he was resolved not to sacrifice either the pleasure or the advantages of travel to a morbid sentimentalism.

It was about the time of her lover's departure from home, that Evelyn accidentally became the unwilling depositary of certain secrets, which greatly increased her awe of the mysterious woman whom she called mother.

While she sat reading in the evening in the back parlor, a stranger, who had inquired for Mrs. Sitterly, was shown in by a servant. The visitor was a middle-aged, well-dressed man, whom she instantly recognized as a person who, at long and irregular intervals, had been in the habit of calling at the house, who always saw her mother alone, and whose visits were always followed by turns of great depression on the part of Mrs. Sitterly.

Her curiosity had often been awakened in regard to this man, and she could not now avoid observing him closely, which his abstracted manner, and his entire inattention to herself, enabled her to do.

He did not sit down, but walked the front parlor, hat in hand, while he awaited her mother's appearance.

Evelyn professed to no knowledge of physiognomy, but the expression of the stranger's face impressed her so very unfavorably, that she felt reluctant to remain in the room even until Mrs. Sitterly's arrival would afford a pretext for departure.

While she momentarily expected this relief, the domestic returned to say that Mrs. Sitterly was quite unwell, and begged to be excused.

"Did you give her my card?" was the quick inquiry of the stranger, in a sharp but rather feminine voice.

"Yes, sir."

As the servant withdrew the visitor turned abruptly to Evelyn, and his sinister expression, when she caught a full view of his face, sent a thrill of alarm to her heart.

"You are Mrs. Sitterly's daughter, or rather her step-daughter?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Is your mother unwell?"

"She has so informed you, sir," replied Evelyn, with a flush of indignation.

"I wish *you* to inform me, young lady, if you have any knowledge if her being ill?"

Frightened at his rudeness both of speech and look, Evelyn would unhesitatingly have fled the room, but he had approached very near to her, and she dared not stir. She replied:

"I know that she is frequently ill, sir; I presume she is so this evening."

"You presume? Well, *I* presume she is able to see me; and I desire her to do so. Will you go to her with this message?"

"Yes, sir," was the eager reply of Evelyn, who was anxious to get out of the room, on any terms.

She went, and the man resumed his promenade through the parlors.

When Miss Sitterly reached her mother's apartment, she no longer doubted the illness of that lady, who was standing before the mirror, holding a vial of smelling salts to her face, and looking exceedingly pale and alarmed. She had replied to Evelyn's knock by an invitation to come in, because she supposed it was a servant, and she looked surprised and angry when she saw her daughter.

"Go back, Evelyn," she said; "I cannot see you now; I thought it was Jenny."

Evelyn explained; she told the strange conduct of the visitor, and delivered his uncourteous message.

Mrs. Sitterly sank into a chair, in a state of distress evidently increased by the fact that her daughter was a witness to it.

"I will go to my room, if you please," said the young lady. "I would rather not return to the parlors."

"No, no—since you know so much: I am very foolishly nervous: it is a trifling matter, which I will explain to you to-morrow; but go back to him now; tell him, as you can of your own knowledge, that I am really very ill, and that I will positively see him to-morrow evening, at this hour, if he will call. It is a little affair of business—only I am so very nervous."

Evelyn, with much trembling, complied with this request; she did not enter the parlor, but delivered her message at the door.

"It won't do," was the quick reply. "The case is urgent; or if she cannot see me, she must send me a check for a thousand dollars. Go; I will wait while you get it; it is her own fault that *you* know anything of this."

Evelyn, who so reluctantly found herself enlisted in this strange service, returned up stairs with the commands of the stranger, whom she began to regard as some insane relative of her mother.

To her great astonishment, Mrs. Sitterly replied:

"Yes: it is part of an old debt; I will send the check."

She went to her escritoire, and with hands that trembled almost too violently to hold a pen, she attempted to write; but, after several ineffectual trials, she rose, and begged the young lady to fill up the check with the required sum, and the date. When Evelyn had done so, her mother, with great difficulty, signed it, and said:

"There, there—take it to him quick, and let him go."

Again Evelyn descended to the parlor door, where, without entering or speaking, she held out the check to the man, who fairly snatched it from her grasp, and took it to the light. Glancing hastily over it he pronounced it all right, and putting it in his pocket, he said:

"Tell Mrs. Sitterly that *I will call again* to-morrow evening;" and lowering his voice to a whisper, he added: "Tell her that I shall then want five times this amount, *and that I must have it.* I shall leave the city the next day."

"I will tell her."

"You are a good girl, and a very pretty one," said the man, with an impudent stare. "Good night."

Evelyn did not return this salutation, but turned away with loathing and alarm, resolved to be very careful not to see the unwelcome visitor again.

When she returned to Mrs. Sitterly, that lady had schooled herself into a state of equanimity which was in some degree calculated to counteract the effect of her former indiscretion.

She trembled indeed a little when Evelyn spoke of the man's return on the next evening, and of his large demand, but she immediately added:

"He will get no more money until his claims are legally adjudicated. He is very presuming, and I fear I have been very unwise even in paying him this sum. However, it is not muck. I am obliged to you for your assistance, but it is a matter of which I prefer you would not speak."

Evelyn readily promised secrecy, and if she could have blotted out the whole scene from her memory, she would certainly very gladly have done so. She gave not the least credence to her mother's explanation of the strange affair, nor to her assertion that she intended to resist all further claims from the same source. If she had been disposed to believe the last, she could not easily have done so, for she could scarcely escape knowledge of the fact that Mrs. Sitterly admitted the bold stranger to a long private interview on the next evening; that she sent for writing materials during his stay; and that she was confined to her room the whole of the succeeding day with indisposition.

CHAPTER XV.

If the Sitterly estate was large, there were large demands upon it. Its proprietress had not indeed many poor relations whom she acknowledged; but she had a profligate and intemperate brother-in-law, whose demands upon her bounty were frequent and extensive.

That they were generally acceded to may have been owing in some degree to a remnant of affection which the great lady entertained for her deceased sister, who had been his wife, and whose characteristics, in a much lower sphere of life, had not been dissimilar to her own. If there were stronger reasons for purchasing the good-will of her relation, as well as for yielding to the bolder demands of the stranger, they were known to none but themselves.

Mr. Simon Blass's claims upon his wealthy relative, although large, had never been so immoderate as seriously to annoy her. He was a widower, without children, and pursued a gay, selfish, indulgent life; and as he was also a somewhat showy and dashing man, he was able to gratify the family pride of his sister by his personal display, and to flatter her by all the various modes in which meanness cringes to wealth.

He was a very frequent visitor at the Sitterlys; he was an invited guest at all their parties, large or small; and he was on the best of terms with the nominal head of the house, the gay Frederick, who sometimes, however, entertained a sort of envious doubt as to which party had the freest run of the family exchequer.

Blass was always in funds; he was a lawyer by profession, and talked largely of "cases," "bills of exception," and "writs of error," and still more largely of counsel fees; while, in fact, his real business was all transacted by a sort of journeyman lawyer from the country, a plodding, plotting man, with a pliant conscience, who with great difficulty eked out a scant living for himself, paid office expenses, and put a very few hundreds yearly into the pocket of his principal.

But everything was done in the name of Blass. His name was on the sign; it was endorsed on all the law documents; it sometimes, much to his gratification, got into the newspapers: "Simon Blass, of counsel for the defence;" on which occasion he was sure to point it out to his friends, as a case of great or very peculiar interest, which had given him vast trouble. Simon had transacted his own business until the temptation offered of getting his living on easier terms, and then he carried it on by proxy, partly, perhaps, for the small income which it yielded him, but more because he liked to have some apparent means of livelihood, and escape being classed as a genteel vagrant. He had a good office and a good library, which had not materially suffered under two or three levys made upon it by the sheriff, from which it had always been rescued by Mrs. Sitterly.

The sheriff and Mrs. Sitterly might be said, indeed, to have fought for Simon's library for several years. Now one had it, and now the other; but as the long rows of "reports," and commentaries of various law authors, "half calf," (in the expressive language of the bindery,) kept their places on Simon's shelves during all these changing titles, it made little difference to him.

And not any to Mr. Rook. For when Blass, who had an office and books, and who did not want to work, advertised for a partner, Mr. Rook, who had neither office nor books, but who had instead a wife and four children, and was recently from the country, and who, moreover, was willing to work, Mr. Rook answered his advertisement. They suited each other admirably, and they got on cosily as partners, especially as the head of the firm never spent more time in his office than was required to read the morning papers, and smoke a cigar, and sometimes did not enter it at all for successive weeks.

Simon was by no means the general legal adviser of his wealthy sister-in-law. She was quite too astute for that. But there were occasions on which she sought his counsel, and one of these was the recent visit of that extraordinary creditor, who appeared to possess such an indefinite claim upon her, and one of such exceedingly elastic dimensions. Every payment had but increased his greed, which threatened, if still encouraged, to attain to such colossal proportions as to ingulf the greater portion of the lady's income.

She correctly thought that Simon would feel interested in putting a check upon this leak in the estate, not only for his own present benefit, but with a view to testamentary bequests, which he had reason to hope for, if he survived his sister, who was a full decade his senior, and whose constitution was impaired to quite an encouraging extent.

Whatever was the result of this conference on the present occasion, it did not restore Mrs. Sitterly to a happy frame of mind, nor did it fail somewhat to impair the equanimity of the lawyer, who was not wont to take other people's troubles very seriously to heart. To do Simon justice, he generally bore his professional responsibilities with composure. But he was nettled now, and brought away with him from the council room some ominous and lowering looks, some muttered threats, which might possibly have been feared if they had been heard by the mysterious disturber of the family peace.

He was not too much moved, however, to have some very tender glances and some very sugared words for Evelyn, whom he met on going out, and who regarded him with a feeling which, if it was not quite that of loathing, was certainly not more than the third dilution of that sentiment.

For several months Miss Sitterly had been compelled to see that Mr. Blass was her admirer—but she could not believe that a man of his age, which was considerably more than twice her own, could entertain any design of really making suit to her as a lover. She was destined to be undeceived in this opinion, although not until a distant day.

CHAPTER XVI.

The great events in the history of individuals or of families are not usually crowded into a short space of time. Years glide by and when one important epoch has mingled with the past and the changes which it has produced have ceased to be regarded as strange, another, perhaps, occurs, which in its turn distresses, delights or astounds, yet in its turn, also becomes, by the lapse of time, a common-place recollection. Yet when these successive eras of an eventful life are plaeed in close juxtaposition on the page of the historian or biographer, they seem startling or astounding by the rapidity with which they follow each other under the eye of the reader, who forgets that he is rapidly gleaning the marvels of long and slowly passing years.

How many family histories are there, if they were minutely written, which would deeply interest the world, and awaken its strongest emotions of pity. Alas, how few there are, which would not do so! and yet, thank Heaven! we may reverse this idea, and say how few also, the story of whose common joys and of whose frequent raptures, would not in like manner, create a sympathetic delight in our hearts.

We pass over an interval of about three years in the history of Evelyn Sitterly and of those by whom her life was influenced.

She had reached and passed the age of seventeen; the promise of her younger years is thus far fulfilled, in her beauty, her intellect, her fidelity of affection to her few friends, and her strict adherence to a sense of duty at whatever sacrifice of feeling.

It need scarcely be said that these had not been happy years for Miss Sitterly. The one deep wound which her young heart had received had never healed. Ye happy maidens, who have many objects to love: on whom are lavished the wealth of parental affection, who have fond brothers or sisters, to share your daily lot, whether of joy or grief; ye whom "troops of friends," surround, I cannot ask you to appreciate the desolate wretchedness with which poor Evelyn cherished the remembrance of the one loved object which had been so rudely wrested from her, and of which so many mementos on every side mutely reminded her.

Another sorrow, too, had mingled its shadows with this, yet it was one which was not unlighted with some faint rays of Hope.

Mr. Sitterly had continued unyielding in his opposition to the suit of Seth Lynde for his daughter's hand, and had bound the tender conscience of Evelyn by such strict injunctions that she had never designedly met him during the year which had now elapsed since his return from foreign travel.

But she was still a school girl, pursuing her daily way to and from the Seminary, and Seth did not hesitate to take frequent advantage of this circumstance to obtain an interview by the way.

The paternal interdict had been only against seeing him when he called at the house, and although she feared that she violated the spirit of the edict, she did not feel at liberty to deny her lover the poor boon of an occasional walk by her side in the public streets. Her father, she thought, must have foreseen the liability to such meetings, and might have prevented them. Was she to stretch a rigid rule and make it more severe against herself and her only friend?

Yet poor Evelyn felt a sense of guilt in permitting these brief interviews; in listening to the eloquent story of love which found its now frequent repetition—and in being compelled, blushingly to renew the confession which had once delighted her lover's heart, and which she was resolved never to disavow.

In the meantime Mr. Simon Blass had become an acknowledged suitor of the unhappy girl, and his claims were sustained by the decided sanction of both Evelyn's father and her step-mother. How he had enlisted such formidable allies in his cause, may be readily explained.

Mr. Sitterly who believed that he had his daughter's welfare at heart, and was sure, at least, that he always had his own interests in view, had often importuned his wife to make some pecuniary settlement upon Evelyn in view of her marriage. He had no faith in the power of mere personal charms to secure for her an advantageous alliance; but these attractions, aided by money, he was sure would prove irresistible. Wealth seeks its like, and if he could ensure anything like a liberal dowry to his daughter, he felt certain that she would be sought by men of considerable means.

Mr. Blass had, at about the same time, made some large demands upon his sister-in-law and had pressed them with an importunity and a persistence which betokened that they were based upon stronger claims than could be afforded by the mere ties of affinity.

In this strait the rich lady, who was well aware of Simon's admiration for Evelyn, and who had long expected to hear that he was her suitor, conceived the idea of satisfying two troublesome claimants at once, or, to use a homely figure of speech, of killing two birds with one stone.

She would grant all that Blass asked, which was a specific piece of property of large value in a neighboring street, on condition that he married Evelyn, and that the donation should fully satisfy the demands of both upon her for the remainder of her lifetime.

There was another reason which impelled Mrs. Sitterly to this course, perhaps more powerfully than any that has been named. She hated Evelyn. She was daily pained by the sight of her, and by the remembrances which her presence recalled, and she was sure that it would be an unspeakable relief to be separated from her.

She did not propose her plan to Blass, but she communicated it to her husband, who joyfully approved it, and undertook to sound the lawyer upon the subject.

Frederick was the more pleased with this scheme, because he believed it would result in securing the succession to the bulk of the great estate to his own family.

Blass had evidently strong claims of some kind upon the present proprietress, and little as she liked Evelyn, her antipathies would not probably attach to her children, who might become the great lady's heirs. This seemed the more probable because Mrs. Sitterly was so entirely estranged from the few individuals who could claim any near relationship to her. He had no hopes of himself succeeding to the estate, if he should survive his wife, but he had her assurances of a life interest large enough to gratify even his ambition, and if the large remainder could be thus secured to his descendants, his highest wishes would be fulfilled.

Mr. Sitterly was not long in doubt as to his needy friend's willingness to accept both his daughter and her dowry.

"You probably expect to marry again, Blass," he said to that individual, as they smoked their segars together one evening, in a room which Sitterly called his study, though what it was he studied there, he would have been puzzled to say.

"Hey? Married? Oh, yes," replied Simon, whose brandy-and-water-ish eyes twinkled with a pleased look; "of course I do, if I ever have the means. That's the rub, Fred., you know: money—money."

"Your business is good?"

"Oh, yes—fair to middling—and can be increased by application, which I mean to give by and by, you know—by and by."

"When you are settled?"

"Just so."

"Got your eye on any one, Sim., hey?"

"Yes—both of 'em."

"No?"

"Fact, Fred., on a love of a creature, only she's very young—has got nothing—and her father is as poor as she."

"Hey! hey! How's that? And her mother! How is it with her?"

"Her mother! Let me see," replied the lawyer, withdrawing his segar from his mouth, and letting a spiral cloud of smoke curl lazily up, while his red-tipped nose gleamed brighter through the white veil. "Her mother, by my calculation, is worth to-day about thirteen hundred thousand dollars—and ten years hence, by the increased value of real estate, she will be worth about two millions."

Sitterly laughed, and did not affect to misunderstand his companion.

"I think I know these people," he said, laughing.

"I rather think you do."

"They live in these parts, and their name is——"

"Sitterly," said the other, coolly.

"Just so. Evelyn is a nice girl—rather too young for you, to be sure, and yet not much—not much. You are about thirty, I believe."

"About—yes——"

He was four or five years past that, but that was not worth mentioning.

"If Louise would only 'come down' a little—that is to say, a good deal," added Blass, "it might be done."

"She will."

"Sure?" asked Simon, eagerly.

"Yes; the Holt house and grounds, which she recently foreclosed upon. They are very valuable, but they only cost *her* fifteen thousand."

"They are worth forty—they will be worth fifty," said Simon, impulsively; "all those vacant lots——"

"Of course they will."

"Will she do it, Fred.?"

"She will settle it upon you and Evelyn, and your heirs."

"Good! and furnish the house, I dare say?"

"She will not stand about that, Sim., of course—for you and Evelyn."

"Of course not—I did not mean to mention it. I can furnish it myself, if necessary. Well, all I have to say is, that I like that. And on my side it is a bargain."

"And on mine."

The idea that Miss Sitterly might interpose any obstacle to this arrangement, did not seem remotely to occur to either party in the first instance.

Blass was a man of no small conceit, but the possibility of such an event seemed to dawn upon him.

"Evvy will be all right, I suppose?" he said, half hoping that Mr. Sitterly might already have obtained her approval of the arrangement.

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Sounded her?"

"No—but I have no fears. She has been brought up to strict obedience; it is part of her religion. Besides, she is poor; and there is the property and a handsome husband. What more does any girl want?"

Blass bowed.

"I have no fears; I can show her that it is her duty, if argument is necessary; but I think she will accept you without demur."

"Oh, yes," replied the lawyer; "I have not much doubt of that; indeed, I think she has given me some encouragement already."

"Oh, ho!"

"Yes—yes—but then if I should be mistaken—and if she could not be reasoned into acquiescence—eh?"

"There are other ways; she shall not balk us. You need have no fears. I understand Evelyn, and she shall be your wife."

The friends shook hands on this compact, and if Evelyn had heard it made, knowing her father as well as she did, and her own impotency, she would have felt that from that hour, her fate was really sealed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HOW I MARRIED THE COACHMAN.

Horace Ellingwood, my affianced lover, had informed me that he should have to leave me one whole afternoon, evening and forenoon, to attend upon a lady friend, who had suddenly come to town. But the next *afternoon* he would come and take me to ride. I was angry. But I waited patiently all the next afternoon for him to come, but he came not, nor did I receive a line from him. This was *too* much. Horace did not even appear to escort me to a party to which we were to have gone; but I went with my parents and sister. I masked my face in smiles, and was very gay. I presume I overacted, for I heard a whisper that said my mirth betokened joy at even a temporary escape from Horace Ellingwood's surveillance.

I sang and I danced, I accepted gaily the attentions that were offered me. Frederick Seymour hovered about me. I had often before found him a pleasant ball-room companion, and I was content to flirt with him to-night, to show that I was not compelled to play the part of wallflower in my lover's absence.

Very late I saw Horace enter. I did not look at him, but continued my flirtation with Fred. Seymour. Still I knew he was approaching me, by some intuition, and was on my guard. I heard his voice speaking to our hostess, and knew that in a moment he would be by my side. At that instant I accepted the offered arm of a gentleman, and moved away to the music room.

A little crowd followed me, but I could not see if Horace was there. I played and sang, not well, I am sure, for I was choking back proud and angry tears, and the crowd gradually thinned out, leaving me almost alone with the gentleman who brought me thither. At another time I should have been angry at this desertion, but I was glad now that so few should detect the evidences of my internal struggle.

A hand, long and shapely, whose likeness no glove could hide from me, turned the page, but I sang on, without lifting my eyes, until I had finished. Then I rose up and turned to take my escort's arm, but he said, smilingly—

"My wife is waiting to go home, so, if you please, Miss ——, I will transfer you to other hands, sure that you will pardon my desertion."

I know not what I said, or how I received his parting bow, but I found my arm lying in that of Horace Ellingwood, and felt that he was looking at me and speaking to me. What he said I did not comprehend, but I strove to recall my thoughts, and at last succeeded.

He was telling me that the sudden and very violent illness of Mrs. Linden had kept him from my side, that she was alone at a hotel, with no other friend save himself in the city, and that he had remained near her, after summoning a physician and dispatching a telegram to her friends, until the violence of her symptoms had abated.

"I ought to return to her very soon," he said. "I could not resist coming here to meet you a little while, but you think, do you not, that I should go back?"

I had not spoken, and I still made no reply.

"Will you not speak to me, Milly?" he said. "Is it possible that you are angry—that you did not receive my note this afternoon?"

"I think I have some reason to be angry," I said, coldly. "As to your note," and my anger flashed up here, "I do not believe——"

"Not that, Milly. You must not say that. I cannot have you tell me that you doubt my word! I tell you I wrote you at noon how and why I was detained, just as soon as I found I could not leave Mrs. Linden—you must accept this statement, for, whatever may have prevented its reaching you, I certainly sent you a note."

"'I must,' and 'I must not,' indeed!' I said, angrily. "Why, then, Mr. Ellingwood, permit me to inform you that I am not yet your serf, and I choose to say whatever I please."

"Milly, Milly, you are angry. I am very sorry, but perhaps we had better part now. I will come to you in the morning, when you are calmer——"

"Do not give yourself the trouble, I beg," I answered, haughtily, for his seeming assumption of superiority maddened me. "Pray remain with the friend who is of so much more consequence than your betrothed wife. I restore you your liberty, sir!"

I broke from him. In a moment I was sitting by my mother's side, and Horace was gone. We had parted without a farewell word.

Three weeks had passed away, and I had not exchanged a word with Horace. I had refused to see him when he called at my father's house. I had not answered his salutation in public. He hovered near me continually, but we were as strangers. I had run a hard course, from ball to ball, and party to party. The spring season was at its hight, so I had a grand opportunity for my flirtation with Frederick Seymour; who was even now bending over me as I sat upon a divan near the deep embrasure of a window. I had accepted him as my lover, but had not the hardihood to allow the engagement to be announced so soon after my rupture with Horace. And he was now putting forth all his arts to persuade me to put an end to the suspense, and his equivocal position, by eloping with him that night.

I looked round the rooms. Horace had been there, but had already disappeared. My parents, I knew, approved of Frederick. Why should I not put an end to my misery at once, and by fixing my fate, make it necessary to summon all my powers to enable me to forget my recreant lover? I have no excuse to offer. Dreadful as it was, I consented to Frederick's proposal, in a dull despair, that he must have half guessed.

He left me in the hall, and I ran up to the dressing room and wrapped myself in a great shawl that hid my figure completely, and drew my filmy head gear closely round my face. Then I stole down to a side door, and waited until he came for me.

"I will ride on the box," he whispered, as he put me into the carriage. "I have sent my servant away."

I answered nothing, for I was glad to be alone.

We dashed through the darkened streets for several minutes and at length drew up before a tall house. Fred. got down, came to the door and whispered that a clergyman lived there, and that he would go in and prepare the way for my coming.

Not more than a minute had elapsed, as it seemed, before he returned, and in the same low tone informed me that the clergyman had refused to perform the ceremony, and we must go further. Again we drove on through the dark streets. It was late, and few lights gleamed from the houses. I began to repent of my rashness. I trembled with fear. I saw, at one swift glance, the fearful risk I ran, and I tried to open the door and escape, for I could not make my voice heard above the rolling of the wheels.

At that moment the carriage stopped, and Fred. was at the door. "I will not leave you here," he said, "I see you are frightened. Trust yourself to me, and believe me no harm shall come to you."

Half-fainting I allowed myself to be carried up the steps. A moment later, I found myself reclining on a sofa, in a dimly lighted parlor.

How long I lay there I do not know. I had gone too far to recede, and the tumult of my feelings made me almost insensible to passing events. At length some folding doors opened—light streamed from another room, while that in which I lay was still in darkness. Figures entered. An arm raised me up. Encouraging whispers, and words of endearment sounded in my ear. A calm, penetrating voice began the wedding service, a lady brought forward a ring that was placed upon my finger, and I heard myself pronounced a wife, and listened to congratulations from the strangers who surrounded me.

Like one in a dream I was led out and placed in a carriage that awaited me, and not the one, I thought even then, that brought me thither. Still half-fainting I lay back in the supporting arms of my new-made husband, and was driven, I knew not whither, through the silent streets.

Again the carriage stopped. A door was flung open. Lights flashed out into the darkness. I was lifted out, and carried into the brilliantly lighted hall. There was a familiar look in every article around me, and even in the faces that bent over me.—My father, my mother, my sister, our own servants—smiling and joyful! What did it, what could it mean? Had Fred. brought me home? I raised a questioning glance at his face, and saw—not he whom I expected to see—but my own lover, bridegroom, husband—Horace Ellinwood!

I quite fainted then, but it was with unutterable joy!

I suppose I ought to tell how Horace, concealed by the curtains of the window near which I sat, had overheard Fred's proposal of our elopement, and my consent. Any other than he, might have left me to the fate I so rashly courted. But he resolved, knowing that I really loved him and him only, and was sacrificing myself in a fit of pique, to save me.

He followed the coupé until it stopped, and Fred. entered the house of a well-known clergyman. Then he took his place, drove me to the house of another clergyman, well known to himself, carried me in, interested his clerical friend in our story, sent back the disappointed lover's carriage, and brought me home in the clergyman's, his wife. I have never regretted the ruse, and I have tried so to live and act that my husband should not, but, forgetting that miserable episode of my life, of which I have written, should respect and esteem as truly as I know he loves me. And so, in spite of the past, we have been a happy pair—happier, perhaps, for the lessons derived from its teachings.

ST. AGNES AT THE ALTAR.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ave Maria! Do the morn's sweet blushes
Yet light the summits of the lonely hills?
The night-wind pineth out in mournful gushes
Her soul of song—and yet the darkness fills

Heaven's breadth of splendor—wildly, wildly yearning
For faith's fair dawn my soul doth reach afar
Thro' purple spaces, where serenely burning
In the dim Orient stands one glorious star!

Sancta Maria! All the night-time dreary
My heart hath borne her heavy cross alone.
Lo! at thy feet I lie, still bruised and weary,
Pressing my pale lips to unanswering stone!

Mater Dolores! *Thou* hast lived and suffered,
And loved, and lost, and wept in anguish sore;
Oh! plead the pardon thy dear Son hath offered,
Saying in mercy—Go, and sin no more!

Sancta Maria! Thou hast smiled in pity,
And darkness flees before thy shining face;
I see the gates of the celestial city
Roll back, and angels thronging in their place!

Mother of God! The roses bud and blossom
On the sharp thorns *His* blessed forehead wore;
The heavy cross is lifted from my bosom,
And peace blooms into richest flowers once more!

And from my soul, as from the hills, the shadows
Ebb swift into the distance wild and far;
A solemn light is shining on the meadows,
And in the east one glorious morning-star.

His calm, white splendor, like a consecration
Of holy wine, falls on my heart and brain;
Shine, Star of Bethlehem, in annunciation
Of the great peace that dawns on earth again!

THE MUTE SINGER.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Amid deafening hurrahs, the horses of the Marquis de St. Amar were released from their harness, and Sylvie saw them dash past the window.

"They will find their way back, and their presence will give the alarm," was her rapid thought as she turned her eyes anxiously upon Honorine.

A dozen men had taken the places of the noble steeds, and were preparing to bear the young singer in triumph and in safety homeward.

"Have the goodness to tell us where you live, Mademoiselle?" said one of the artizans, addressing her in such a subdued and respectful tone that she could hardly recognize him as the individual who had seized the unlucky Claudine.

Sylvie essayed to speak, forgetting her inability in the agitation of the moment, but no sound issued from her colorless lips. Happily her tablets were in her girdle. She opened them and wrote, "Rue d'Angoulême, Numero —."

The man repeated the street and number to his comrades, and it was echoed from mouth to mouth. Then the carriage dashed through the parted crowd amid prolonged huzzahs that followed it on its way, for a rapidly moving throng kept dangerously close to the wheels.

They reached the Rue d'Angoulême. The songstress descended from the carriage, still holding Honorine in her arms; but, light as was her weight, now that the strength imparted by excitement subsided with the peril by which it had been produced, the exhausted maiden tottered upon the threshold. One of the men pressed forward to relieve her from her burden, but she shook her head, and loosened not her grasp. The cheers of the crowd had brought the inhabitants of the whole neighborhood to their doors and windows. Sylvie looked up, saw Mathieu for one moment, the next he was at her side. She placed Honorine in his arms, and, still clasping her motionless hand, mounted with difficulty to her own apartment.

Mademoiselle de St. Amar was laid upon the sofa, and Sylvie was kneeling beside her, aiding Madame de la Roche in her efforts to restore consciousness, when the rescued maiden slowly opened her eyes. Mathieu had disappeared. The room was filled with strangers.

Honorine gazed about her in alarm, and murmured in a terrified tone, "Sylvie! Sylvie! are we safe?"

Sylvie replied by a reassuring embrace. Just then she caught the sound of a well-known voice, and rose suddenly. The Marquis de St. Amar was trying to force his way through the crowd.

"Brother! brother!" said Honorine, extending her arms towards him.

The people would gladly have kept the "aristocrat" back, but Sylvie waved her hand. The imperative gesture was instantly obeyed, and room was made for the Marquis to pass. His sister, feeble as she was, had risen to approach him, and now sank upon his breast.

He laid her tenderly upon the sofa, and turning to Sylvie, caught both her hands and said, in a voice so tremulous that it was hardly audible, "I owe you my sister's life! How gladly I would devote to you my own, if you would accept so poor a gift!"

Sylvie withdrew the hands which grew cold at his touch,—her hueless cheek became ghastlier—her bowed head was averted. It was quickly lifted at the sound of Mathieu's voice crying to the people to let him pass, and assuring them that it was a physician whom he brought.

Sylvie saw Dr. Souvestre, made a few steps towards him, as though seeking refuge from the Marquis, but her faltering feet refused to support her, and she leant heavily against her mother, struggling with the sense of faintness that crept over her, blinding her eyes and turning her blood to ice!

She scarcely heard Dr. Souvestre's voice whispering in her ears, "You are ill—we must get you out of this crowd into your own apartment. Take my arm. Lean on me!"

Hardly conscious, she mechanically obeyed.

The eyes of the Marquis followed her with an expression of intense anguish. When she withdrew the hands he had seized,—when she almost shrank from him,—when she turned with such ready confidence to the young physician, he felt that the one had wholly lost what the other had gained.

He was roused from these depressing reflections by his sister's anxious inquiries. In reply, he told her of the return of the unharnessed horses to their stable; of the panic which ensued, and which was quickly increased by the arrival of the bruised and bewildered coachman, who could only tell that as he lay prostrate upon the ground, almost trampled to death, he heard a voice singing the Marseilles Hymn; that a moment after he was lifted up, and saw Mademoiselle de la Roche standing in the midst of the crowd, singing, with Mademoiselle de St. Amar lying in her arms, and that he had made his way through the listening throng, unmolested, and rushed home.

After Sylvie left the apartment, the people dispersed. Honorine sent Mathieu to beg that she might be allowed to join her friend. Madame de la Roche, with abundant apologies, brought the answer to this petition. Dr. Souvestre, she said, was very peremptory, and he had refused to allow Sylvie to see any one, fearing the ill effects of additional excitement.

Mathieu was despatched for a carriage, and the Marquis reconducted his reluctant sister to the *Faubourg St. Germain.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARTING.

Several days elapsed before Paris sank again into a state of deceptive, transitory quietude, and the blood of her children was washed from her flag stones, ere long to be crimsoned anew with homicidal stain.

The delicately reared Honorine was completely prostrated by the shock her nervous system had sustained, and the long swoon which ensued.

The effects of exhaustion and excitement on Sylvie were merely temporary, but her parents were unwilling to allow her to venture forth. Her last brave act of devotion had doubly endeared her to Madamoiselle de St. Amar, who pined for her society, and fretted herself into a fever, because she was separated from her friend.

These two young maidens were bound to each other by ties as strong as though kindred blood sent its glowing current through their veins, and brought their hearts into responsive pulsation. An internal recognition of kinship revealed each to the other as a sister in spirit. Let men jeer at the friendships of women as they will, there are rich, feminine natures whose tender attachment to one of their own sex is as potent, as enduring, as indispensable to happiness as the love that binds them in holy bondage to man. Honorine and Sylvie belonged to this class of beings.

The attentions of Dr. Souvestre had become so marked that Sylvie, without distinctly regarding him as a lover, began to experience an unwonted embarrassment in his presence. He had never framed his passion into definite language—he had only told Sylvie how tenderly she would be remembered by him during her absence—how earnestly he hoped not to be forgotten by her. What right had she to take it for granted that he meant to pay her the highest compliment a man can offer, and to crush his hopes by the intimation that it would not be acceptable?

The increasing awkwardness of her position towards him, caused her to rejoice when, one evening, Maitre Beaujeu unexpectedly brought the intelligence that the plans of Monsieur Le Grand were completed, and he and his company would leave for England in a couple of days.

Sylvie could not depart without bidding adieu to Honorine, who was still confined to the house by indisposition. It was with no little difficulty that Monsieur and Madame de la Roche were persuaded to allow their daughter to traverse the streets, even in a close carriage, and under the protection of Maitre Beaujeu; and when they finally consented, it was with the stipulation that she would not be absent more than a couple of hours. Sylvie regarded punctuality as one of the highest virtues, and after her promise was given, her mother knew that she would return upon the very stroke of the appointed hour.

Maitre Beaujeu and his pupil found Honorine lying upon a couch in her boudoir, looking very pale and feeble. Her brother sat beside her, reading aloud, in the hope of wiling away hours rendered tedious by her nervousness and impatience of restraint.

As he rose to greet the welcome visitors, the last words he had uttered to Sylvie, "I owe you my sister's life—how gladly I would devote to you my own, if you would accept so poor a gift," rang in her ears. She tried to persuade herself that they were spoken in the excitement of the moment—that they conveyed no meaning beyond an expression of deep gratitude—that they had been forgotten as soon as they fell from his lips; still they sounded, like a haunting melody, and she could not shut them out. The coldness and reserve she had, of late, so successfully assumed, gave way to uncontrollable agitation, and it was well that, in bending over Honorine, her conscious face was hidden, and her emotion concealed, or attributable to anxiety for her friend.

Unable to regain her self-posession, Sylvie could not summon courage to apprize Honorine that she had come to bid her adieu, until, glancing at the clock, she found it was nearly time to return home. She rose hurriedly, wrote upon her tablets, "Tell her—I cannot," and handed them to Beaujeu, who was conversing with the Marquis.

Beaujeu, completely taken aback, blurted out the important information by asking, "Have you not told Mademoiselle de St. Amar, then, that we are to leave for England to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the Marquis and his sister, in the same breath.

Honorine burst into a violent fit of weeping. A very unusual demonstration on her part—for she had shed few tears in her short and happy life. Sylvie, distressed beyond measure, glanced up imploringly at Beaujeu, as though to petition him to try to pacify her.

The Marquis comprehended the look, and, probably deeming the musician incompetent to such a task, seated himself beside his sister, and said:

"Why, Honorine, you have not remembered the new pleasure in store for you. Think how much you will enjoy corresponding with Mademoiselle Sylvie. I expect to find you marring delicate sheets of paper in the most indefatigable manner."

Honorine smiled through her tears, and sobbed out, "you will write to me, Sylvie, will you not?"

Sylvie traced the word "often" upon her tablets.

"And you will bring her back very soon, Monsieur Beaujeu, will you not?" asked the weeping girl.

"As soon as you can send us word that France is sufficiently peaceful and prosperous to welcome her singing birds back," replied Beaujeu.

Sylvie pointed to the clock, and wiping away the tears that still sparkled upon Honorine's lashes, embraced her fervently, gently unclasped the hands that clung about her own neck, bowed to the Marquis, and was out of the room before Maitre Beaujeu could make his adieux. The host followed, and handed her into the carriage, but his lips were mute as hers.

The next morning Ursule and Sylvie, Maitre Beaujeu and his new valet, Mathieu, were on their way to London.

A few days more and Sylvie's parents, and her devoted friend, were gladdened by letters. The travellers had arrived in safety. The company of Monsieur Le Grand was on the eve of its first, dreaded, appearance before a coldly critical English audience.

The next letter was from Ursule, and gave an account of Sylvie's brilliant *début*, and of the impression made by Maitre Beaujeu's performance of Paganini's wonderful witch dance.

This epistle was rapidly succeeded by others of the same character. The youthful songstress soared at once to a high pinnacle. The very singularity of her affliction enlisted unwonted interest—doubled her attraction—and gave transcendent value to her gift. She was styled "*The Mute Singer,*" and the title itself piqued curiosity and encompassed her with a mystery-loving crowd of worshippers.

With mingled humility and gratitude, she wrote to her mother, that, not out of her *talents* but her *trial*, had sprung her sudden prosperity; and that she was daily more and more convinced that she owed the favor of the public, in a large degree, to the peculiarity of her privation;—as much to the power *lost* as the power preserved.

Ursule's letters were of a more gossiping character than those of Sylvie; they were fuller of pleasant details, and minute descriptions of passing events. But for them, Sylvie's parents might not have known the industry with which their daughter was prosecuting studies unallied with those of her profession; nor of the attentions she received from distinguished sources; nor of the admirers who murmured at her unresponsive insensibility; nor of Maitre Beaujeu's vexation at the persecution of some determined suitors; nor of the summary manner in which he extinguished their aspirations.

Sylvie, in her letters, never touched upon these subjects, and wrote little of herself. She described the places they visited, and often dwelt upon the books she read, but always spoke briefly of her public appearances, and the tokens of approbation lavished upon her.

Honorine often visited Madame de la Roche, accompanied by her brother; and it soon became a matter of course for them to peruse Ursule's letters, as well as those of Sylvie to her parents.

Dr. Souvestre was also a frequent guest in the Rue d'Angoulême, and the privilege of reading the letters of the travellers was accorded to him also.

The Marquis not only made the acquaintance of the young physician, whom he regarded as Sylvie's future husband, but by his patronage and friendship was instrumental in greatly extending his practice, and placing him in an enviable social position; one which the nobleman believed Sylvie would hereafter share—and, sharing, would assuredly *grace.*

Before long the health of Monsieur de la Roche was sufficiently restored for him to enter upon his duties as secretary to Count Damoreau. The Count was the possessor of large estates in different parts of France, and his secretary had the charge of all his correspondence in regard to this property. Everard de la Roche, though he fully appreciated, we may say *gloried* in the importance of his new office, discharged his duties with a punctuality and prudence which could hardly have been expected from one who had passed his life in pursuing phantoms. But the severe lessons, taught him through the misfortunes he had brought upon himself by his sanguine recklessness, had disciplined his mind to distinguish and resist tempting shadows, and cling to sober substance. The tree, all blossoms and leaves, was bearing wholesome fruit at last.

Month followed month and Paris, in spite of its provisional government, and its incipient republicanism, was not in a sufficiently settled state for Monsieur Le Grand to deem return desirable. Besides this, the success of his company in Great Britain was unabated. It was now November, and the *corps* of Monsieur Le Grand, after making the tour of England, Scotland and Ireland, came back to London to embark for Hamburg, with the intention of visiting Germany.

The year for which the young vocalist was engaged had nearly expired before the leader announced that he proposed to return to Paris.

The affection Beaujeu and Ursule experienced for Sylvie had not only steadily increased, but their mutual attraction to that magnetic centre had drawn them towards each other. When they were forced to contemplate resuming the olden routine of their existence in Paris, Beaujeu thought, with a sigh, of his lonely bachelor life, (his mother had died during his absence,) and began to reflect that, painful as a separation from Sylvie would be, he would miss even more his daily intercourse with Ursule—his pleasant chats with her, and the little attentions which it seemed so natural for each to pay, or receive from, the other. Then he gravely asked himself whether it was *absolutely needful* that this separation should take place. He had no sooner propounded that important question to himself than, without preface, premeditation, or ceremony, he asked it of her:

"Why should we two separate? *I* see no reason that renders it imperative. Do *you* see any?" he asked, abruptly.

Ursule was too much amazed to reply.

Beaujeu repeated the question in an authoritative voice, as though commanding an answer.

His tone startled Ursule into a laconic, "No."

"That's right; I like a direct answer, and like it all the better for being short," continued Beaujeu.

"We two have had many happy hours together during the last year. *I* enjoy your society; *you* do not seem to dislike mine. Do you think you would necessarily tire of me, if you had more of my company?"

The "no" this time was given more promptly, as if there would be lack of courtesy in hesitation.

"Soon after we reach Paris, then, I will look out for lodgings that will suit *both.* I never purchased a piece of jewelry in my life, but I mean to buy a *wedding ring,* if you will promise to let me put it upon your finger. Will you?"

This time Ursule varied her negatives by an affirmative, but she did not add another word.

"I thought you would say 'yes,' or I would not have asked you," replied Beaujeu, diving his fingers into his snuff-box as eagerly as though he expected to find the proposed wedding ring at its bottom. Then he added, without any attempt at playing the lover, "I confess I am glad not to be mistaken in supposing that you did not dislike me, rough and crabbed as I am; I hope you are glad that I broached the subject of our remaining together. Now, as we have neither father nor mother, nor relatives, nor any one to care for us but Sylvie, let us dutifully ask her consent."

Sylvie very merrily expressed her approval of the anticipated union, and delighted Ursule by begging to be allowed to officiate as bridemaid.

For Ursule, at her time of life, to trust her happiness in the hands of one so constitutionally irascible and domineering as Beaujeu, may seem a venturesome step. But there is a class of women who positively enjoy being *ruled*;—of course, they deny it to themselves and to others, but a loving tyrant is always their hero. Then, Maitre Beaujeu's temper was by no means as violent as when we first made his acquaintance. It had been calmed down by the tenderness developed in his intercourse with Sylvie, by the compassionate gentleness which her patient sufferings, and humble endurance of bitter disappointments, inspired; by the softening influence of her example upon his character.

God uses dissimilar instruments to effect the work of regeneration in different minds. The pure hand of the young girl had been commissioned to sow the first seeds of *faith* in Beaujeu's heart. As he watched her strong, steady, perfect trust in the wisdom of the most mysterious, the most incomprehensible decrees of the Great Ruler of the universe, and the results of that holy confidence, a belief in the existence of a divine and never-slumbering Providence was implanted in his skeptical spirit. That belief once firmly established, all his views of life were revolutionized and re-moulded—all his acts and motives shaped in recognition of, in accordance to, that heavenly guidance.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

We pass over the joy of Monsieur and Madame de la Roche when their gentle and gifted daughter was restored to them.

Before her arrival, Dr. Souvestre had made known his hopes to her parents, and obtained permission to address Sylvie.

The young and agreeable physician was high in favor with her father, who was too much elated by the prospect of securing such a son-in-law for *reticence*, or delay, to be possible to his communicative and impulsive nature. Only a few hours after his daughter's return, he delightedly informed her of Dr. Souvestre's suit and his own approval.

His surprise was only surpassed by his disappointment, when she earnestly entreated that her suitor might be prevented from touching upon a subject which must give her excessive pain, as she would be forced to meet his proposals with an unqualified refusal.

Monsieur de la Roche squandered a large amount of eloquence in representing the folly of her determination; but Sylvie was firm in her resolution; so firm that her father was impressed by the possibility of her having formed some other atttachment. Her confusion, when he suddenly asked that searching question, confirmed his suspicions. He insisted upon an ingenuous reply. Sylvie's upright nature could not bend to falsehood, even upon a subject which has custom's sanction for untruth; she, accordingly, gave no answer.

While Monsieur de la Roche was strongly urging her to confide in him, Dr. Souvestre was announced, but, before he could enter, Sylvie escaped from the apartment, making a gesture, as she fled, that supplicated her father not to summon her back.

Monsieur de la Roche, with much hesitation, executed the difficult task of communicating Sylvie's rejection to her lover, trying to soften the unflattering truth by the no less palatable information that her parents had reason to believe their daughter's affections were already engaged.

Dr. Souvestre was at first confounded—then wounded—then inclined to be angry, not exactly with Sylvie or her father, but with all the world, including himself. Regret and dejection succeeded to passion, and in this mood he took his leave.

As he was descending the stairs, he encountered the Marquis de St. Amar and his sister. Honorine was too impatient to behold her friend to bestow upon him more than a passing salutation as she hurried on. Her brother stopped and shook hands. It was impossible not to perceive the physician's disordered appearance.

"You look disturbed; has anything happened to distress you?" asked the nobleman, kindly.

Dr. Souvestre was one of those beings to whom sympathy, under disappointment, was indispensable—to conceal a pang was to double its poignancy.

"Nothing more than happens to deluded men every day," he replied, with a stoical air, which the prospective relief of confiding in another rendered it more easy to assume. "I have subjected myself to mortification—made a fool of myself, and gained my deserts; that ends the matter."

"You do not mean——" began the Marquis, and hesitated.

"I mean that I have been distinctly rejected by the father of Mademoiselle de la Roche, and in her name! He informed me that her heart was no longer at her disposal. It is very strange! To whom can she be attached? The letters of Mademoiselle Valette clearly and frequently stated that she had proved insensible to all the advances made during her travels; and, before she left Paris, she was not acquainted with any gentlemen but the Marquis de St. Amar and her physician."

What a delicious suggestion was unintentionally infused into those words! At their breath a long buried hope burst its cerements and sprang back to life—a hope that must at once receive Sylvie's sanction for its existence, or be entombed anew.

The Marquis could not frame any direct reply, but, muttering something about joining his sister, passed on and entered the drawing-room.

As Sylvie rose to welcome him, he noted her changing color, the almost imperceptible quivering of her lip, and the slight tremulousness of the hand she permitted him to clasp for an instant; his interpretation of these auguries arched over the head of that resuscitated hope its most glorious rainbow.

He seated himself beside her and talked with the same genial ease and gaiety which had characterized his conversation before those sad days of sudden estrangement. Sylvie's slender fingers glanced rapidly over the leaves of her tablets in reply.

Honorine, either because she was charmed to see her brother resume his olden deportment towards her friend, or because she had a sort of instinct against being *de trop*, prattled away to Monsieur and Madame de la Roche. They chanced to be seated at some distance from their daughter and the Marquis.

The table near Sylvie was heaped with books which had been taken from her trunks, and were not yet arranged in order. Several volumes had been selected before she left, from the little book-case, and had accompanied her upon her journeyings. In turning over the handsomely-bound volumes, the eyes of the Marquis rested upon one which he could not have placed in that elegant library, for the cover was dingy and worn. He took it up to read the title,—it was Sylvie's Bible—for she was a Protestant, and the "good book" was in daily use. As he held it lightly in his hands, two sprigs of pressed and withered heliotrope fell from between the leaves. He lifted them up—recognized them—replaced them—and, turning to Sylvie a face in which a whole history was written in luminous characters of the soul, said in a low, thrilling tone:

"You have kept them! May I dare to believe that you have cherished the memory of him who gave them?"

Sylvie's fingers did not grasp her pencil, or open her tablets; she had seized the little volume and closed it upon the tell-tale heliotropes—her head was bowed over it so closely that her countenance was no longer visible.

"The time has come," continued the Marquis, "when I feel that I may venture to plead for an explanation of the past. Need I tell you that, almost from the moment we met, you inspired me with a feeling which has only strengthened with every hour? You were very young—very immature—it behooved me to wait, in silence and with patience, until your character was formed, and you were aware of your own capacity to respond to my emotions. But while I waited, an icy shape, to which I could give no name, rose up between us, and with outstretched arms tore us asunder. You withdrew yourself from my sister's society and my own—you refused her entreaties to grant her any explanation of the mysterious change. I will not tell you what anguish I endured, and how zealously I sought for the cause of your inexplicable demeanor. I thought I had found it—I thought you suspected my passion and were too generous to encourage it, after bestowing your heart upon a younger, and, doubtless, more captivating man."

Sylvie's eyes, lifted for a brief instant in genuine amazement, would have convinced the Marquis of his error, had not the delusion been already dispelled.

"That look tells me I was wrong—I know it already. Dr. Souvestre ingenuously told me so himself. *Then* I dared to entertain the hope that you did not shun me from indifference. These flowers have confirmed that precious belief."

Sylvie's head drooped lower and lower, as though she could not lift it from her breast.

"I fear I have been very abrupt," he resumed, "but I have suffered so long that I could not tolerate another moment's doubt. Will you trust your happiness in my keeping? I implore you to reply. Your father's eyes are turned upon us inquiringly—tell me that I may ask him if he is willing to confide his child to my tender care."

Sylvie's great heart heaved as though it would burst from her breast; she took up her pencil and tablets—they dropped unused, but in the hand, which the Marquis extended to receive what she wrote, she timidly placed her own.

Clasping it fervently, he rose and led her towards her parents. The action had a most eloquent language of its own, but the entrance of Maitre Beaujeu and Monsieur Le Grand prevented him from interpreting it into speech.

Le Grand held a business-like paper in his hand.

After the customary salutations, Maitre Beaujeu said to Sylvie, "To-day your contract with Monsieur Le Grand expires. He has come to ask if you will renew it for another year, and you will find how liberally he has dealt when you peruse that paper."

Sylvie mechanically took the offered document. The Marquis gently put it aside.

"My dear Monsieur Beaujeu," he remarked, "it is a very valueless instrument. Mademoiselle Sylvie only waits the consent of her parents to enter into another engagement, which will preclude the possibility of her fulfilling this—an engagement of somewhat longer duration—an engagement *for life*, which, I trust, will secure her happiness in exchange for laurels—home joys instead of public adulation—the voice of love to replace the clamorous voice of the multitude."

Honorine sprang up, and threw her arms about Sylvie.

"My sister! My sister! Now you are indeed a sister! Did I not always say and feel that you were my sister, though I had not the wit to remember that there was a way by which you could legally become one? Oh, I am so rejoiced! I never dreamed there was such happiness in store, Sylvie, did you?"

If Sylvie's answering look could have found voice upon her lips, her reply might have been concentrated in that outburst of a grateful heart wondering at its own joy, which was made musical by the breath of Aurora Leigh when she exclaimed—

"God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame!"

THE END.

THE POOR HORSES.

I am not naturally vicious nor cruel, nevertheless I do sincerely wish that I had the power to torment, with such a heart as *I've* got, every living man or woman that is indifferent to the trouble and pain of others. Of others; whether man or beast, I make no restriction—none is needed; for the person that can be cruel to a dumb and helpless animal would be so to human beings, were it safe.

The beast can't expose nor take vengeance on its persecutors; men can—at least they can sometimes. This is the only reason that deters many a one from abusing men and women.

I, now, pity everybody and everything. I can't remember the time when my heart was not aching for somebody's trouble or pain, from the hour when, at three years old, I fell fainting from a chair at seeing an unlucky pig with a knife in its throat, to this present.

So you see *why* I wish to inflict a heart similar to mine on everybody. It would not do to wish it on half the world, but if all had it, only think what a happy time there would be. No more uncomforted trouble; no more friendless poverty; no more crushed merit; no more desolate lives, and no more *cruelty to horses.* Even the beasts of the field would find that the day of their redemption had come. Ah, the poor horses! I hope a certain author is correct in his admission that there *may* be immortality for them. I'm sure there *ought* to be some compensation for all that they suffer in this life.

Horses are noble creatures, made by a bounteous Creator for the aid and service of man—made to be admired and respected, and used with moderation and kind regard, yet how they are abused.

Who would suppose, to look at the young, high-spirited bay, prancing along beneath its rider, or gracefully trotting before some elegant carriage, that he belonged to the same race of which the wretched, heavy-eyed, horizontal-necked, skin-and-bone creature, hitched to the ash-cart or the water-barrel, is a member?

Yet the proud bay is hastening toward the fate of the worn-out nag, for such is the reward which the ingrate, man, bestows on the generous animal who has given all his strength for his service. And when not able any longer even to drag an ash-cart, the miserable beast is knocked on the head, or turned out to starve and die by the roadside.

The stage and car horses (used up in four years' time) have frequently, as they pass along, the instructive sight of a dying comrade stretched in the sun, gasping and groaning, while about him assemble curious boys, who, when for an instant he is still, and the death-agony is relenting, kick and beat him to force him into a few more struggles for their amusement. This is a not rare roadside scene in our *Christian* land.

C. S.

LIFE'S CHIEF HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness has intrinsic worth; it may be realized in poverty; it is internal; above the control of circumstance. Such happiness is a flower of paradise that has been suffered to stray beyond its walls; and though with us it does not bloom in original perfection, yet its blossoms, as we may gather them, are too lovely to leave us in doubt whether it is worth our culture. Of all earthly goods, this is Heaven's best gift to man. Whilst there is no other kind of joy that can compensate for its absence it may alike gild the mud walls of the cabin, or shed vitality and warmth over the cold state of the palace. There is no condition of life to which it may not add untold price. Monarchs there have been who have heard the exulting shout of victory, have joined it for a moment, then inly sighed; rebellious sons were a thorn in the heart whose rankling prick was felt to kill all joy. Merchants may have amassed their millions; their names may have been honored in various parts of the globe; but in a moment when success and security have attended some favorite scheme of hazardous enterprise, in all the bitterness of anguish the soul has whispered, "This is but mockery to him who would ask it to atone for the absence of domestic love." Poets have lived whose brows have been wreathed by a fascinated nation, but whose spirits have loathed the laurels, for thorns grew at home. But never monarch, merchant, nor poet found domestic bliss a joy too much. He who has once possessed it would not barter it for all on earth besides.

THE LOST PET.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

O, where's my pet, my pet!
I dream I see her yet,
Playing beside me on the mossy floor;
I turn to find her, but the play is o'er,
Alas! the play is o'er.

O, where's my pet, my pet!
My eyes are all unwet,
Dried with the fever of my long despair;
My empty hands ache for their wonted care,
The child that made life fair.

Where are the carolling feet,
Playing with music sweet,
Playing beside me on the parlor floor;
Their music dies on the far spirit shore,
Their music's mine no more.

And still I will forget,
And wait their coming yet;
Her playthings lie here scattered all about,
As if a moment 'mid the merry rout,
My darling had slipped out.

In perfumed drawer I lay
Her treasures all away—
These little shoes, this gay, embroidered dress,
In these silk flowers I wrought my tenderness,
My yearning need to bless.

Ah, never rioting boys
Shall break these pretty toys,
My sweet girl-baby played with long before;
Here from all eyes I hide my hoarded store,
No child shall use them more.

My pet! I see thee yet;
Thine eyes of liquid jet,
Untraced by grief, or life's hard history;
Brimful of mystery, a prophecy
Of riper bliss to be!

Then, only this I knew
Shone star-like through their dew,
The morning love-light of a dawning soul—
The woman love, her guerdon, and her goal,
Her being, bale, and dole.

O, was it from some snare,
Some slow and sure despair,
Some soundless sorrow never to be told,
The pitying Christ bore to his upper fold,
My lamb from out the cold!

Still, in my weak despair,
Through the vast voids of air,
My sick soul calls thee with a voice forlorn;
I bleed for the young life from my life torn,
The love from my love shorn.

I want the warm child-lips,
The rosy finger tips,
Nestling in mine once more at twilight's fall;
Listening to hear the quick step in the hall,
To hear the evening call

Of the beloved voice,
Which made our hearts rejoice;
I yearn to see the twinkling little feet,
All tremulously eager, fly to greet
Papa, with kisses sweet.

The joy is over now.
Bind poppies on my brow,
Numb all my senses that I not know
My baby lies below the winter snow,
O, God that it is so!

The long, unbroken gloom,
The silence of this room,
How can I bear it as the days crawl on;
As years creep on, how can I live alone,
Shorn of my beautiful one.

They tell me I'll forget;
Will cease to need thee yet,
While other children round my hearth shall play;
When later joys are born, in some far-coming day—
They know not what they say.

Child, gone into the sky,
To me thou'lt never die;
The mother-life will never cease to bleed,
The mother-heart will never cease to need
Its missing morning meed.

Stay flood of mad regret!
Sad soul, behold her yet,
Behold her, sheltered from life's wild alarms,
Behold her, folded from thick coming harms
In the All-Loving Arms!

◆

THE LOVER'S DOOM.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The most ferocious and formidable wild beast of this continent, the grizzly bear alone excepted, is the jaguar, which in Texas is called the leopard, and further south is known the Mexican tiger. His home is in the deep swamps, thickets and chaparrals of southern Texas and Mexico, and the vast, trackless forests of Central and South America. He is a nocturnal marauder, but prefers clear and moonlight nights to dark and rainy ones, and is sometimes found abroad in the full blaze of day. He possesses great physical power, and his cunning, activity and courage are equal to his strength. His favorite places of resort are the salt-licks and watering haunts of inferior wild animals, where he conceals himself and patiently awaits his prey, upon which he pounces with all the ferocity of an eastern tiger, and, with the most savage growls, begins to devour it even before life is extinct. If his victim prove to be larger than is required for a single meal, he will sometimes cover the remainder of the carcass with sticks, grass, weeds, or earth, in order to preserve it from buzzards, vultures, wolves, and the like, that he may return to it again when hungry. When pressed by hunger, he will sometimes attack man; and in South America especially, he not unfrequently ventures into the camp of sleeping travellers, killing first the dog, if there is one, the negro second, the Indian third, and the white man last: or rather, this may be said to be the order of his desire. His strength is so great that, alone and unaided, he can drag away a horse or an ox. The spotted skin of this animal is very beautiful, and is highly prized by the Mexicans for holster-coverings, saddle-cloths, and ornamental caparisons.

There are many stories told of the bold, daring and ferocious exploits of the jaguar; but we have a tragic incident to relate, which is now for the first time given to the world.

Many years ago, a man by the name of Wentworth settled in the southwestern part of Texas, and soon, in common parlance, became well to do in the world. He had an only child, a daughter named Mary, a charming, beautiful girl, who, with his consent and approval, became affianced to a very worthy young man, an only son of a wealthy settler living some ten miles distant. Walter Bancroft, toward the last of his courtship, came as often as once, and sometimes twice, a week to visit Mary Wentworth; and being fond of hunting, he not unfrequently came afoot, through the woods, with his trusty rifle for his only companion.

One warm, beautiful afternoon, toward the latter part of May, the lovers were seated beneath the cool shadows of a large old sycamore that stood at a little distance from the dwelling of Mr. Wentworth, and, in a quiet, pensive mood, seemed to be listening to the soft, musical murmurs of a bright little streamlet that rolled over its clear, pebbly bed, almost at their very feet. Walter had arrived that morning, had remained to dinner, and was still lingering to hold a lover's sweet commune with his dear Mary, though intending to leave from one minute to another, and retrace his steps to his father's that very evening.

It was a beautiful picture as they sat there, beneath the shadow of that gigantic old sycamore—the lonely monarch of a once mighty wood—both young and handsome, with hand clasped in hand, looking pensively down at the limpid stream, thinking perhaps of the sad moment of parting, and dreaming happy dreams of the golden future, when they would be ever together in a world of their own, each a world unto the other. Alas! and alas! that that golden future was destined so soon to close upon one, and compel the bright sun of hope to set in a night of rayless gloom for the other.

"Ah, me! it is time for us to part, dearest Mary!" sighed Walter, at length, looking round at the declining sun, and then turning his large, soft, dark eyes, with an expression of unutterable tenderness, upon his gentle companion.

"Oh, must you go so soon, dear Walter?" replied Mary, lifting her sweet, blue eyes, with their world of affection, to his. "It seems as if you only come of late to tell me you must go."

"Thank you, my angel, for telling me how swiftly the time passes in my presence! I have been here more than six good hours, and shall have to hasten my steps to reach home before the setting in of night. Would that the time were come for me to stay with you ever! But let us wait with what patience we can. Though the moments fly uncounted and unnoted in the presence of each other, they linger long enough when we are far apart; but still they go on, and a month will bring the twenty-fifth of June, the happy birth-day of my own darling Mary, and the glorious day that I look forward to with such eager hope and desire, when I shall lead you from the altar, to clasp you to my heart and call you mine, wholly mine—mine to love, cherish and protect forever."

"Oh, Walter, do not talk thus now!" said Mary, sadly, drooping her head and gently brushing a glistening tear from her eye.

"Why, my darling?" returned Walter, in a tone of the deepest tenderness, as he gently pressed the fair hand he still held and turned his eyes inquiringly upon her. "Why do you bid me not talk of the happy day?"

"Because I somehow fear it will never come. Dear Walter, I feel very sad and depressed this evening—just as if something were about to happen to give me pain and trouble."

"Perhaps you are not well, dearest!"

"I am not ill—it is not that. Oh, Walter dear, you will think me foolish perhaps, but I fancy some danger to you. Can you not remain till morning?"

"I would with so much pleasure, my dear Mary, but that I promised my mother I would be home in good season; and as I make it a rule never to break a promise, least of all to her, you can readily fancy her anxiety and alarm should I remain away."

"Yes, yes—I see that you must go!" replied Mary, hurriedly; "but oh! dear Walter, I would that it were otherwise! for I shall not sleep till I hear from you again, and know that you are safe."

"Nay, dearest, then I will go home and return again to-night."

"No, Walter, that would not be proper for a mere whim of mine. But since you came afoot, you will at least take one of our horses?"

"If you will permit me, dear Mary, I would rather walk. I can easily reach home in a couple of hours, and I am so fond of a good, brisk exercise. And this reminds me that I must be on the move. Good-by, my love!" he continued, with a tender caress, and taking up his rifle which was leaning against the tree. "Do not be alarmed, my blue-eyed pet," he added, somewhat gaily. "I will do myself the happiness to ride over to-morrow and tell you that I am well. There! we must part, my darling; and so good-by again, and God bless you!"

He strained her to his heart in a long and loving embrace, pressed his fond lips to hers for the last time, and tore himself away with the manner of one who feared to trust his own resolution if he were to remain longer in her sweet presence. He sprung lightly over the limpid, murmuring streamlet, walked rapidly across an open field, paused once to wave a kiss from his fingers, and then disappeared in a wood that skirted the clearing.

"Oh, God protect him!" prayed Mary Wentworth, with clasped hands, as she began to walk to and fro, with an uneasy, restless air, within the shadow of the giant sycamore.

She continued to walk up and down over the green turf for some ten minutes, her agitation gradually increasing, till at length she trembled violently; and then suddenly acting from an impulse which seemed it impossible for her to control, she darted away in the direction which he had taken. On reaching the wood, she plunged into it, and still hurried on, over a narrow, beaten path; and had she then been asked for a reasonable explanation of her strange conduct, she could not have given it.

For more than a mile the trembling girl hurried on after her lover without overtaking him; and then her wildly-beating heart seemed suddenly to stand still, as the report of a rifle came borne to her ear from some distance in advance, followed almost immediately by several wild shrieks and cries for help.

For a few moments Mary stood still—a white, living statue of marble—and then, with a wild, piercing shriek of anguish, and the words, "Dear Walter, I come," she bounded forward with the speed of the flying antelope.

But ere we show the fearful scene upon which her fond eyes looked, let us follow the steps of the lover.

On entering the wood, with his rifle thrown carelessly over his shoulder, Walter Bancroft moved forward with long, hasty strides, his mind occupied with the sweet, sad image of his heart's idol, and her words of portentous import, but apparently with no fear of an impending danger. The wood was nearly level, and dark and heavy with interlocking boughs, matted foliage, creeping vines, and bright blossoms and flowers; and though as he hurried forward, he occasionally glanced quickly to the right and left, it was only the habitual action of one accustomed to be much on the watch for game and danger, or the momentary attraction of his eye to something striking, peculiar, or beautiful.

At length, in passing a deep, tangled thicket, he heard a quick, heavy rustling of the bushes, and immediately stopped and threw his rifle forward, ready for instant use; but as he could see nothing, and all soon became quiet again, he moved on, though now keeping his eyes on a wary watch, lest he might be suddenly assailed by some wild beast, or perhaps a wandering Indian.

For a quarter of a mile he heard nothing more to excite his alarm; when, on again passing through another thicket, he, for the first time, experienced a peculiar thrill of fear; and looking quickly around, he was almost horrified to perceive a large jaguar crouched in the path just behind him, his eye fierce and glowing, his form slightly trembling, and his tail waving gently from side. One glance was sufficient to assure him that the terrible beast was about to spring, and that if he would save his life it must be done instantly; and cocking his rifle, as he quickly brought it to his eye, he fired at the very moment the ferocious animal made his powerful leap.

The ball wounded and enraged the jaguar without doing him any serious injury, and the same instant he alighted upon his victim, with a savage, growling roar, and bore him to the earth. As he fell, Walter drew his knife and struck the monster several rapid blows with the keen blade, at the same time uttering those wild shrieks and cries for help which reached the fair being of his love and drew from her the answering shriek of agony that came faintly to his dying ear.

The contest, if such it might be called, was a short and bloody one. Walter, with the flesh half torn from his body and limbs, had received a mortal wound at the very onset; but still, with dying desperation, he fought on, with the terrible beast literally tearing him to pieces, and his strength every moment growing weaker and weaker.

Suddenly a powerful negro, belonging to Mr. Wentworth, and who had been attracted from his work at a short distance, appeared upon the scene, with an iron bar in his hand; and bounding forward, he, with a well-directed, tremendous blow, crushed in the skull of the jaguar, which rolled over with a quivering throe beside his victim.

"Gracious Heben! dis you, Mars Walter! Oh, de Lord hab marsy!" exclaimed the excited black, as he threw himself down beside the wounded youth and gently raised his ghastly head.

"Dying, Peter—alas! poor Mary!" gasped the other, with the death-rattle in his throat.

These were the last words Walter Bancroft ever spoke; and while the sympathizing and affrighted negro was still bending over him, with language of endearment and lamentation, he was again startled with a wild, piercing shriek of such intense agony as made his very blood curdle; and almost in the same breath the gentle but horror-stricken Mary Wentworth stood beside him.

She did not shriek again—she did not even speak—but with hands raised, lips compressed, and face as white and seemingly as cold and passionless as marble, she stood for a few moments looking down upon her dead lover with a stony gaze, and then fell heavily forward, and was caught in the arms of the faithful negro.

The painful sequel is soon told. The stout negro bore the frail form of the beautiful girl to his master's home, her father's dwelling, and there, amid sobs and cries of anguish, related the tragic tale of the death of her lover.

Mary Wentworth never recovered her reason, though life remained for several years. She was a sweet and harmless maniac, and would often sit beneath the old sycamore, and rehearse her final parting with Walter Bancroft, in tones of such melting tenderness that even the most stoical listener would be compelled to weep like a child. Her almost broken-hearted parents lived to see her consigned to the tomb, and then soon followed her.

May we not hope there was a happy re-union in a brighter and better world?

◆

"WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?"

"When shall we three meet again?"
Not on earth, when once we sever,
Different ways our paths *must* lie,
All through life diverging ever.
But though parted here we roam,
We may gain the same blest home.

Widely sundered we shall stray;
Different objects we pursue;
Ah, my friends, God grant we may
Ever keep the end in view.
Striving still to cast away
What our upward course might stay.

Each may hate and flee from sin,
Heed the warnings God has given;
Each may strive a crown to win;
Every course may end in Heaven.
There, when earthly toils are o'er,
We may meet to part no more.

◆

BEAUTY DON'T WIN.

'Tis funny enough to watch men's wives, and women's husbands, thus discovering how little handsome faces have to do with winning love and settlements for life.

The young, finding that the praise of physical beauty is the poet's and the orator's theme, rush to the mirror to inquire if they are thus beautiful, and if the answer is "No," they give up all hope of winning love, and try to resign themselves to a lonely, unappreciated existence. But they are out in their reckoning. They are all beautiful, and may all become beloved. Not beautiful, perhaps, in that decided, striking way which catches the attention, and forces out the admiration, of strangers; but as truly as they live, each has his or her peculiar attraction which will certainly charm *somebody*.

Look at the married people whom you know: how many of these are what *strangers* would call handsome?

Precious few.

There are among old bachelors and "ancient maiden ladies" double the number (comparatively) of persons who are or who *have been* regularly beautiful.

Verily, the ugliest old darlings that these eyes ever rested on are all married, and also plenty of young darlings that are quite as ugly.

Lord Kame was altogether right when he said that plain women inspire the most faithful affection. The same is true of plain men.

Beauty is a delectable thing to look at, now and then, but when you get used to it, you don't mind it any more than you do its opposite.

It is clear, then, that when you fall in love with a person's beauty, you fall out again when that beauty fades, or when it palls upon your senses, unless there be something *besides* it to attach you. Personal beauty is utterly powerless to win *enduring* love. Such love *must* depend on something that is permanent. Love goes where it is sent, and it makes no sort of difference how a body looks when once love has gilded him; eyes may set sideways in the face; the mouth may be but a button-hole, or it may be cut from ear to ear; the ears may flop forward and back, like a poodle dog's, and the nose may reach all the way round the neck; it don't matter, if you love the owner of those features, they will all be beautiful to you.

On the contrary, how hateful the most perfect beauty of feature and complexion is when we dislike the owner of it.

Dear me, there are faces which to every stranger are very noticeable for their comeliness and fascination, yet the merest sight of which turn me sick with loathing; and there are *other* faces—scarred and wrinkled by time and tribulation, faded by sickness, and roughened by exposure, a glimpse of which is like the sudden out-beaming of the sun after a storm a week long. Beautiful, beautiful *exceedingly*, are they, like the faces of the angels of God.

Don't misunderstand when you hear people talk of beauty.

The only lasting beauty is the brightness and the glory shining warmly from the forms and faces that we love.

A. M.

◆

CURE FOR ILL-TEMPER.—A sensible woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children from the earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly, she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb *for the crossness*. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

◆

IF you employ your money in doing good, you put it out at the best interest.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CATO.—This correspondent inquires "Whether the term 'dear Madam,' commencing a letter addressed to a young unmarried lady, is polite and correct or not." In matters of this kind what is "correct" is a question of usage, and the best *modern* usage does not sanction "Madam," in addressing a young unmarried lady. Such an address would not be "impolite," but it would be stiff and old-fashioned. *Madam* in English is derived from the French *Madame*, which means "my lady," and, as a general rule, is applied only to married ladies, though, according to the Dictionary of the French Academy, it is also applied in Tragedy and sometimes in Comedy to unmarried women. For an unmarried lady, the French have a separate word "Mademoiselle," which, literally translated, would be "my Miss." The English language has borrowed "Madame," but has not borrowed "Mademoiselle," nor have we any form of address corresponding to it, usually applied to a young unmarried woman. It was formerly the practice, for want of separate forms, to apply "Madam" both to unmarried and married ladies. Thus Dr. Johnson addresses his step-daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, as "Dear Madam," even when, at the close of the letter, he calls her Dearest Love. See, too, several letters in Richardson's Clarissa, and other novels of that day. But this practice is now obsolete, and there is in our language a want of some expression corresponding to "Mademoiselle," in addressing a young unmarried lady. Even applied to married ladies "Madam" is getting out of use. Wherever there is sufficient intimacy to prefix "dear," it is better to use the lady's name,—as "My Dear Mrs. Smith;" and in that case it would be perfectly proper to address her daughter, as "My Dear Miss Smith." Where the degree of intimacy is not such as to warrant the use of "dear," "Madam" is still proper in addressing a married lady, but would at the present day sound awkwardly in addressing the daughter. Plain "Miss Smith" perhaps would do as well as anything, if you must write to her.

S. W. W.—The question whether "2 times 2 *is* 4," or "2 times 2 *are* 4" is the correct expression, is exciting much discussion. We have of late received many communications from the "*is*-ites," as their opponents call them; and as the following letter gives their arguments in a compact and readable style, we publish it entire. The writer says: In regard to the "2 times 2 question," a reader of the LEDGER would state that he has always insisted on saying, with Warren Colburn and Horace Mann, "two times 2 *is* four," and for the following reasons: It is evident that *times* is not the subject of the verb, for it is not *times* that make four. No number of times can possibly make four. What makes four is some number taken a certain number of times. That number is two taken twice. The subject, therefore, is *two*—the last *two* in the sentence. This, being the name of an abstract number, is an abstract noun in the singular. The verb agreeing with it should therefore be in the singular—*is*, and not *are*. No one, probably, would ever think of saying, for good English, "Two taken two times *are* four, certainly not of asking, "What number taken two times *are* four?" No more should we say, "Two times two *are* four, for *two times* is an adverbial phrase equivalent to *twice*, qualifying *taken* or some similar word understood, and *two* is equivalent to *the number two*, as if the sentence were, "Twice the number two is four." *Four* here is also an abstract noun in the singular, so that there is no reason whatever why the verb should be in the plural. The sentence is similar to the following: "Two from three *leaves* one;" that is, two taken from three leaves one. As no one would think of saying *leave* in this case, why should we think of saying *are* in the other?—What have the advocates of the other form of expression (2 times 2 *are* 4) to say in reply to S. W. W.?

CAMDEN.—Of what use to England is it to hold the fortress of Gibraltar at an expense of two hundred thousand pounds a year? We had never considered this matter before receiving the inquiry of our correspondent, but we have since discovered that the question is not a new one. A friend has pointed out to us a passage in one of the letters of Thomas Paine on this subject, which seems to have some sense in it. "Gibraltar," wrote Paine, "is another instance of national ill-policy. A post which in time of peace is not wanted, and in time of war is of no use, must at all times be useless. Instead of affording protection to a navy, it requires the aid of one to maintain it. And to suppose that Gibraltar commands the Mediterranean (the strait being twenty miles wide) is to suppose a detected falsehood. And to say that this happens because it is besieged by land and water, is to say nothing, for this will always be the case in time of war, while France and Spain keep up superior fleets and Britain holds the place. So that, though as an impenetrable, inaccessible rock it may be held by the one, it is always in the power of the other to render it useless and exceedingly chargeable." Such was Tom Paine's opinion, eighty years ago. There is now at Gibraltar a very tolerable harbor, which in time of war would furnish an important retreat for the English fleets. Whether useful or useless, England is not likely at present to give up the place.

HANNAH.—This correspondent has found out that life and matrimony are not all that her youthful fancy painted them, by a great deal. Her husband, for example, who in the days of courtship and of the fondly remembered honeymoon was all tenderness, gallantry and attention, *now*, when breakfast is on the table, loiters by the fire reading his newspaper, while she is obliged to help herself to the food across the table, or else wait till the breakfast gets cold, and *he* is ready to come. This is bad enough, truly, but worse things remain to be told. If she speaks of this neglect to her husband, he gets angry, even though she reminds him of it ever so civilly and kindly. And when he gets angry he uses the harshest portions of the English language, with a copiousness and emphasis which are inexpressibly painful to her. "What *can* I—what *shall* I do?" she asks. You can do nothing with a man who persistently treats his wife with an impoliteness he would never think of showing any other lady. These petty selfishnesses on the part of a husband are the surest way he can take, to fritter away the love of a wife. Let not such a husband complain when his wife, wearying of such inattention and unkindness, finally grows careless herself of pleasing him whom she once loved.

SOLOMON.—No rules can be laid down for the rearing of children which will apply to all cases. Each parent has to consider the subject for himself, and should study the character of each of his children. The chief concern of a parent we think, should be to become the kind of man he wants his child to be. Virtue is so very catching, that a parent who has it can scarcely avoid imparting it to his offspring. But, then, this is only true of the real article; the deep, unaffected love of whatever is true and right. With regard to punishment, a child properly reared never needs it after his seventh year; to a child improperly reared, it may sometimes be the least of several evils; but as it *is* an evil, it is to be avoided as much as possible.

FARMER.—So far as our observation has extended, plank-roads have not proved successful in this State. The reason is, that the income derived from the tolls has not been sufficient to keep the roads in repair. A plank-road requires to be completely renewed in about ten years, and must have expensive repairs every year after the third of its existence. Nevertheless, there are doubtless many localities where they may be laid down with advantage. Corduroy is better than mud, and plank is better than corduroy, but the grand reliance for good country roads is McAdam.

M. M.—The Cashmere shawls have long been so perfectly imitated in France that no one but a dealer in the article can tell the difference. The genuine Cashmere shawls are made by hand from the *down*, not the hair, of the Thibet sheep. The down grows, in small quantities, at the roots of the hair. One of these shawls is the work of many months, and, in some cases, of years, and costs from three hundred to two thousand dollars. The French Cashmeres are made by machinery, and cost from one hundred to five hundred dollars.

W. N.—You tell us you have a salary of a thousand dollars, but at the end of the year have no balance to your credit; you think if you married a lady you like, you would, perhaps, lay by something: if you don't marry, you see no other way but to keep on dissipating your time and money, day and night. This *very* weak confession shows you to be entirely destitute of self-control or principle. Why should you involve any young lady in embarrassments which we are confident will *always* entangle you until you reform your own character?

MARA.—Musk, that is, *real* musk, is an animal substance, but there is a great deal of manufactured musk in the market. Real musk is obtained from an animal of the deer kind, found in Thibet and Tonquin. In its natural state, musk looks like dried blood, with which it is often adulterated. The manufactured article is made in various ways, and is scented with the genuine. Musk was formerly a fashionable perfume, but has long been considered vulgar.

MATRON.—A very good furniture polish can be made in the following manner: Melt together half a pound of beeswax and a quarter of an ounce of alkanet root. Add to the mixture half a gill of linseed oil and half a gill of spirits of turpentine, and strain the whole through a linen cloth. Clean the furniture well before applying the polish, and after applying it rub the article till you can see your face in it.

OREGONIAN states the following case: "Several months ago," he says, "a young lady of my acquaintance, who was engaged to be married to a foppish fellow from some place east of the Rocky Mountains, was taking a ride in a row-boat with her beau, and, in some way or other, the awkward loon upset the boat in deep water The young lady screamed and began to sink, but her lover, instead of helping her, *at once struck out for the shore to save his own life, leaving her to perish.* I happened to be near, and seeing the young lady's danger, I jumped into the river and succeeded in rescuing her, but she was barely alive, as she had sunk before I reached her, and the weight of her saturated clothes made it very difficult for me to swim ashore with her. She got well, however, and when her cowardly lover called to see her, she refused to see him. I was encouraged, when I heard of this, to pay some attention to her myself, and being kindly and favorably received, I went ahead, and in a short time got her to appoint a day when we should be married. But before the day came around, her old lover appeared on the carpet once more, in a bran new suit of broadcloth and with a gold watch, and also made her a present of a gold bracelet, and *now* she has given *me* the mitten, and is going ahead with *him* again, although she must know that he is a selfish coward, and that all there is of him of any value are his clothes and his watch. Now, I want to know what you think of such a girl, and what I ought to do. I once read a piece in the LEDGER which said that there is no fathoming the mysteries of the female heart, and I tell you what it is, MR. BONNER, I begin to think that the fellow who wrote that piece knew what he was writing about. But give me your opinion, and I'll hold up, as I'm spinning rather a long yarn." Our opinion is, that the girl referred to is a fickle-minded and vain creature, without any depth of affection, and that you have had a lucky escape from marrying her.

J. S.—We think that the young lady's indignation has a just foundation in your impertinence—that is, if your own statement of the affair be taken as the basis of facts. You had no business to hint that you believed she used cosmetics, even if you did "honestly think so." Her ringing for a glass of water, and offering *that* and her handkerchief to you to enable you to test the matter on the spot by washing her cheeks, was a masterstroke. She did a sensible thing in putting the question beyond doubt by rubbing her face (when you declined her offer) with her damp handkerchief; and then did a most *becoming* thing when she rang for the servant to show you out, stating that *you wished to retire!* That was well done. Such a spirited girl as that can have no need of cosmetics. As to your *right* to do as you did, and of which you seem to be so tenacious, we have only this to say: a man has a right to take risks into which no immoral element enters; you took a great risk when you accused the young lady of painting her cheeks, &c., you made a mistake and must now abide the consequences. That seems to us to be about the whole sum and essence of the matter.

REGINALD.—The words indifference and insensibility are not synonymous in meaning. Indifference implies a kind of unruffled tranquility of soul; insensibility a state of inertness, or lethargy in the heart. Indifference shows that the heart is not moved by desire, or impelled by passion; insensibility seems as if the very elements of desire and passion did not exist, and that the heart was locked against their entrance. Indifference may succeed the most vivid affection in a lover's heart for one whom he loves no longer; and this appalling characteristic is frequently found in beautiful women, on whom unbounded love has been bestowed. Insensibility is a natural defect, and bespeaks a heart which cannot feel the tenderness of love. *Impertinent* and *insolent* exhibit a similar difference in meaning. An impertinent man is one who slights his superior, or is wanting in good manners; an insolent man beards his betters, and seems to glory in showing that he does not think anything of them. The one shocks your sense of what is right; the other insults you. The one is to be avoided as an intruder, the other driven away as a nuisance.

JEAN.—What Lord Chesterfield says of bashfulness applies very well to your case. "Vice and ignorance," he says, "are the only things which one ought to be ashamed of; keep but clear of them, and you may go anywhere without fear or concern. I have known some people who, from feeling the pain and inconveniences of this bashfulness, have rushed into the other extreme, and turned impudent, as cowards sometimes grow desperate from the excess of danger; but this, too, is carefully to be avoided, there being nothing more generally shocking than impudence. The medium between these two, marks out the well-bred man; he feels himself firm and easy in all companies, is modest without being bashful, and steady without being impudent." Keep the first sentence in mind: "*Vice and ignorance are the only things which one ought to be ashamed of*," and you may stand upright and serene in any company.

L. D. C.—The article called pinchbeck is nothing more than a mixture of copper and zinc. It is a kind of brass, in fact, and was called pinckbeck from the name of its inventor. The substance now called French gold is similar to pinchbeck, but has usually a wash of gold on the surface. Articles made of French gold will preserve their goldlike appearance for several years if not handled, but only for a few months if handled. The cheap jewelry mentioned by you is made of this material. Much of it is so inferior in quality that, brilliant as it may look in the show windows, it will not retain its lustre for ten days.

KITTY D.—You say you went with a gentleman to see some friends, and being left by the boat was obliged to remain away from home all night, there being no other conveyance. It has caused much gossip, which has embarrassed you exceedingly. What shall you do? You can do nothing save state the circumstances to those of your friends who are entitled to an explanation. But you were to blame for heedlessly allowing the hour of your return to pass unimproved. You must do better next time.

STAG.—Here is a puzzle for the boys: A woman being asked how many eggs she had in her basket, replied that she did not know, but said that when she put them in two at a time there was one left; when she put them in three at a time there was one left; when she put them in four at a time there was one left; but when she put them in five at a time there was none left. How many eggs had she? No answers need be sent, as the answer verifies itself.

M. D. wants to know if it is improper for ladies to look a speaker or preacher in the eye while he is speaking. That depends upon the manner in which it is done. If it be done with a settled purpose to embarrass him, there can be no question as to its rudeness and impropriety; but if it be done simply because the listener is interested and absorbed in the discourse, it is quite proper and becoming.

OMNES.—This correspondent says: "I am a married lady, and have been invited by a gentleman to attend a ball in another city, where, as I have no friends residing there, I should be obliged to pass the evening under his charge. Shall I go?" We say, decidedly, *No.* Why not ask your *husband*, instead of referring the matter to our judgment? Our opinion is that you need looking after pretty closely.

INQUIRER.—This correspondent says that she and her lover differ in opinion on the following question, and so leave it to us for decision. The question is: "Should a lady invite her lover to come again, or is it his duty to say when he is coming?" We think he should *always, when possible*, say when he is coming, or else give the lady quite as much freedom as to *her* movements as he claims for himself.

MEMPHIS.—To travel in Europe two years will cost you about three thousand dollars, provided you are careful, and make some long stops. French is the language indispensable for travellers on the continent. With French you can make yourself understood anywhere without French you will be constantly embarrassed.

C. W. S.—It is *not* proper for a gentleman to write, either in prose or poetry, his admiration for any young lady, whose name he gives in full in the columns of a newspaper. Such an act is a great piece of impertinence; and a man who could be guilty of such an indelicate proceeding is hardly capable of truly loving any woman.

MASANIELLO, "for the information of several readers," asks: "If a lady invites a gentlemen to accompany her to the opera, is it proper for him to pay expenses?" We don't see how he can help doing it, if the lady has not, *as she ought in such a case*, previously provided tickets for two.

EULALIE, after much circumlocution, puts the important question: "What course can I pursue to get a good husband?" Leave off *trying* to get one, and be as good, neat, industrious, modest, filial, self-sacrificing, elegant, sensible, dignified and amiable as you possibly can be.

J. C. B.—There are several works upon coins, some of which are extremely elaborate and costly, while others are small and cheap. Any large bookseller can give you a list of them.

CARRIE.—There are probably as many male as female coquettes; and each kind endeavor to win hearts that they may have the pleasure of throwing them away when won.

RAIL-ROAD.—If you really love the lady to whom you refer, it would be very easy for you to pocket your pride, and ascertain whether *she* really loves *you*, or not.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*